BRISTOL
IS BUCKS COUNTY'S
METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE
Is the Leading Paper of
BRISTOL

VOL. XXIII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 2 1896. NO. 48

Uncle Sam's Day Off.

The Feeling Long Ago.

In the Massachusetts Gazette as early as Nov. 9, 1767, these lines show the indignant and revolutionary spirit of the time:

Young ladies in town and those that live round,
Let a friend at this season advise you.
Since money's so scarce and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.
First, then, throw aside your high topknots of pride,
Wear none but your own country linen.
Of economy boast. Let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.
What if homespun they say is not quite so gay
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,
For when once it is known this is much worn in town
One and all will cry out, 'Tis the fashion!
And as one and all agree that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory,
But at first sight refuse, till o'er such you do choose
As encourage our own manufactory.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Read the Fourth of July Story on the fourth page.

—Dr. E. P. Shields and Rev. Charles H. Rorer will exchange pulpits on next Sunday.

—St James Sunday School will give their annual picnic at College Park, on Tuesday, July 7th.

—The Farmers National Bank and the Bristol Library will be closed on Saturday, the 4th of July.

—The Rescue Mission will hold special 4th of July services at Doron's corner, at 6 30 in the evening.

—The Bristol post office will close on Saturday morning, 4th of July, at 10, and will be open in the evening from 7.30 to 8.30.

—The GAZETTE Office will be closed on Saturday, July the 4th, to enable the DEVIL, who is sadly overworked, to have sufficient time to display his fire works.

—Mrs. John C. Stuckert and daughter Florence, will attend the National Convention of Christian Endeavorers at Washington, D. C., on next Wednesday.

—Do not forget the hop at Parkland on Fourth of July night. It is given under the management of Prof. Wm. H. J. Wilson, of Bristol, a teacher of local renown.

—The Democratic party can not ignore the tariff issue in this year's campaign. It would like to do so, for the operation of the Wilson law does not furnish good campaign material.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post office, July 2nd, 1896: W. J. Behan, Jr., Dr. J. A. Bayard, Mrs. Marie Hoovan, Miss Mary Dougan, George Jones, Mrs. Mary B. Leitch, Mrs. Minnie Reed.

—Mrs. Harry Stewart, of Dorrance St., in dismounting from her bicycle on last Thursday afternoon, caught her foot in her dress and fell, breaking her ankle joint. She will be crippled for several weeks.

—The Musical Recital by the piano and violin pupils of Miss M. A. Gilkeson at the Presbyterian Church, on last Tuesday evening, was much enjoyed by the large number of the friends and relatives of the pupils present.

—The Steamboat Florence will leave Bristol on Saturday, July 4th, at 8.30 A. M., and 4 P. M., for Philadelphia Connecting there with the Lincoln Park boats. Returning will leave Philadelphia at 10.30 A. M. and 6 P. M.

—The Methodists will hold their opening exercises in the new chapel on Sunday, July 19th. Presiding elder Gehrett will be present on that day and participate in the services. The church is expected to be completed by September 1st.

—The standpipe of the Bristol water works which has done duty for about 21 years is to be replaced with a new one ten feet higher The work of taking down the present pipe will begin next week. The new pipe will be 150 feet high.

—Messrs. Sherman & Peirce are making the mill work for a number of residences, which are being finished in oak, cherry and maple, at Wissahickon Heights, Germantown, Mt. Holly and also for the City Trust building, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

—Thomas Scott of the Farmer's National Bank, while riding on his bicycle a few miles back of Riverton at a rapid rate on a narrow path that wound around a number of trees, ran into one. He received a cut over his eye which had to be sewed up, and was otherwise bruised.

—There were nine deaths in the borough of Bristol during the month of June, from the following causes: Two from convulsions, two from drowning, and one each from heart disease, senile debility, stillborn, marasmus, hepatic cirrhosis. For the corresponding month of last year there were eight deaths.

—The body of Daniel B. Cummings, who was drowned in the Delaware on Wednesday of last week, was recovered on Friday morning last, by John Wells, near Tullytown. The Coroner held an inquest and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. The remains were taken to Smyrna, Del., on last Saturday, for interment.

—On June 27th Mrs. E. S. Rue entertained many of her friends at her residence, formerly occupied by A. C. Johnson, Esq., near Bristol. The amusements for the day were various and a delightful time was had by all, the memory of which time cannot efface. Some of those present were: Mrs. M. A. Wright, Mrs. S. A. Hawke, Mrs. A. M. Stackhouse, Mrs. Ellerslie Groom, Mrs. J. C. Stuckert, Miss Florence Hellings Stuckert, Miss Marian Stuckert, Miss Anna May Bicking, Mrs. J. A. Hawke, and J. Albert Hawke, Jr.

SECRET SOCIETY NOTES.

Elections Held by Several Lodges, Etc.

Court Onward, Foresters of America, held their semi-annual election of officers on last Tuesday, in Washington Hall. One candidate was initiated into the order and three propositions for membership were received. Court Onward now has about a hundred members. The following are the newly elected officers: James Foster, chief ranger; John Irwin, sub chief ranger; J. P. Stradling, senior woodward; George Hunter, junior woodward; David Jones, senior beadle; Curtis W. Howell, junior, beadle.

Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., on last Thursday elected officers for the ensuing six months at their old hall, who will be installed this evening at Pythian Hall, their new quarters. Those chosen were: George Callaman, C.; Chas. Cobley, V. C.; Horace G Young, R. S.; Wm. Mohre, A. R. S.; Wm. P. Bell, F. S.; Harry Pool, treasurer; George Schrack, chaplain; Harry Pettit, conductor; James Riley, warden; Clarence Young, inside sentinel. John Kesler was elected trustee for eighteen months.

Bristol Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, elected the following officers for the term of six months at their meeting on last Tuesday evening in Pythian Hall: George Buckley, noble chief; Wm. Snyder, vice-chief; Alex. Wilson, high priest; Wright Marshall, venerable hermit; Thomas Harper, sir herald. John Angus was also elected trustee for the term of eighteen months.

Hermione Lodge, No. 109, K. of P., on Friday last, elected the following officers to serve for six months: Pemberton Minster, C. C.; V. V. Vansant, V. C.; James Stephenson, prelate; Ernest Lockhart, M. of A.; Harvey S. Rue, M. of E.; Robert H. Neeley, M. of F.; Walter F. Hall, K. of R., and S.; Thomas Jackson, inner guard; E. B Brown, outside guard. Lewis C. Wettling was elected trustee and representative to Grand Lodge. The attendance on meeting nights has been steadily increasing and last Friday there were over sixty present.

Court Onward, Foresters of America expect the visitation of a delegation of Foresters from Philadelphia July 14th. There are about seventy-five courts in Philadelphia and each court is expected to send a representative. Court Onward will entertain its visitors in its usual hospitable manner.

Bristol Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, will hold a meeting of all the castles in this district on Tuesday, July 21st. Bristol Castle will install all those officers elected at the June election in the district in Pythian Hall. They have a crack team that will perform the ceremony.

The first, or page degree will be conferred by Hermione Lodge, on Friday evening.

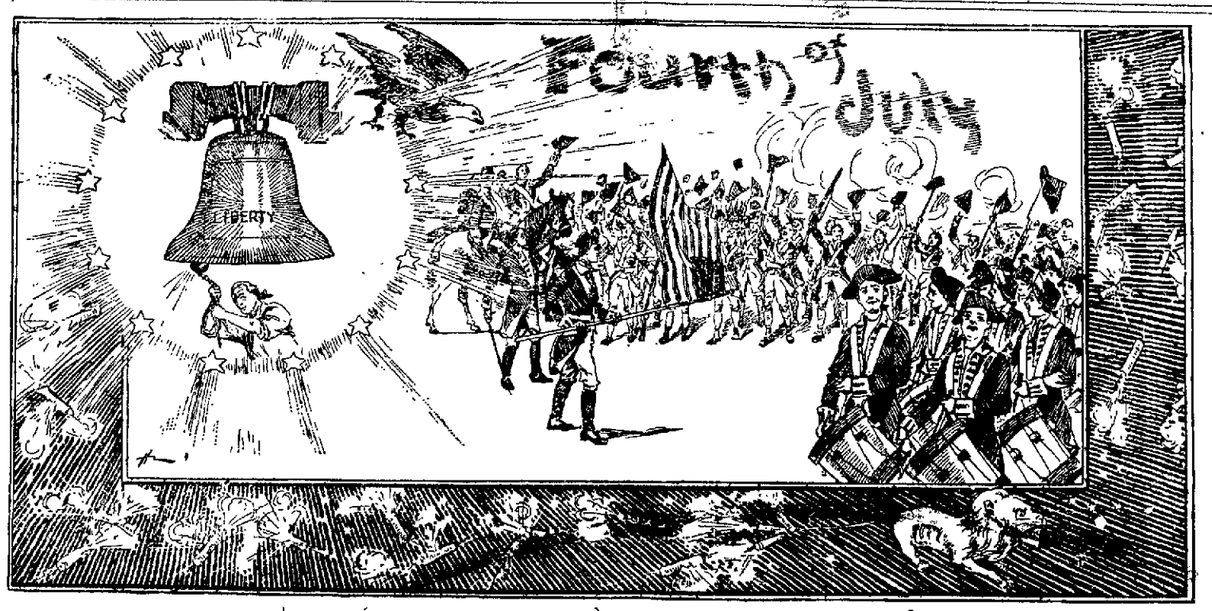
—On last Thursday evening Miss Louise A. Doron entertained a number of her friends on the ferryboat Wm. E. Doron. The evening was a very inclement one and the supposedly moonlight ride could not be had on that evening, but this did not deter the young people from enjoying the trip down the Delaware as far as the new bridge and return. Cards and upjenkins were played in the cabins, while the main deck was devoted to dancing. Refreshments were served and all on board enjoyed the occasion and voted it a damp big success.

Among those present were Mrs. Howard Pursell, Mrs. Frank F. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Doron; Misses Clara Gerhart, of Philadelphia; Annie Bartolette, of Milford, N. J.; Cook, of Lawrenceville, N. J.; Helen Chew and Mazie Ogden, of Washington, D. C.; Laura Miller, Margaret Haines, of Burlington; Bertha Twells, of Woodbury, N. J.; Margaret, Beatrice and Maria Stryker, Anna Haupt, of Riverside, N. J. Alexene Solomon, of Riverton, N. J.; Margaret Sedwick, of Baltimore, M. D.; Nellie Thomas, of Philadelphia; Louise A. Doron, Helen Scott, Anna Runyan, Bessie Beatty, Edith Morrow, Lillian Shields, Bristol. Messrs. Harry Gaskill, of Philadelphia; Edward Waters, of Riverside; Summerville Solomon, of Riverton; Harry Belden, Sherman, Haines, Birch, of Burlington; Thomas Scott, Dr. Comstock, Malcomb Lovett, Lardner Morris, Howard I. James, Clarence Thomas, Edward Swain, George C. Hughes, Stanford K. Runyan, Russell Wilson.

—While a number of small colored boys were swimming in the canal just above the Jefferson avenue bridge, on Tuesday morning at about half past ten, John Ford, one of their number who could not swim, got beyond his depth and was drowned. When his companions saw him sink and not come up again they became scared and began yelling and ran down the towpath. The noise attracted the attention of William Priestly, foreman of the spinning department, and John Ennis, assistant in Grundy's Mill, who ran to rescue the boy, but were too late. Priestly dove first after him but missed the boy, but Ennis who followed him succeeded in bringing up the body. The boy must have been in the water for five or ten minutes, life being extinct when the body was brought to the surface. Coroner W. H. Kunsman was sent for at Morrisville who came down immediately and impanelled a jury, which brought in the verdict of accidental drowning. James Ford was the son of Henry Ford who works in a stone quarry at Germantown.

—The moonlight excursion of the firemen on last Monday night was a huge success. The night was a perfect one, and the steamer Twilight was crowded, there being about 750 aboard, most of whom were from Bristol. Lincoln Park was reached at about ten o'clock, then the excursionists enjoyed the evening shooting the chutes, etc. The fireworks display was very good and pictures were given in fire of Chief of Bristol's Fire Department, Thomas Vandegrift, and of Burlington's Chief, E. A. Horn. The party returned at 2 a. m.

—The Steamboat Columbia will leave Bristol on Fourth of July night at eight o'clock, for Hampton Court, just below Torresdale, to accomodate those who wish to see the grand display of fire works and balloon ascension which will be given there. The price of excursion tickets is 25 cents, the 15 cent rate as at first proposed, being found to be too low.



Personal Mention.

Miss Kate Cabeen is at Atlantic City.

Miss Anna Foster is the guest of Miss Clara Senior, at Medway, Mass.

Miss Emma Goble, of Pemberton, N. J., is the guest of Theodore A. Goble.

Miss Lillian Shields has returned from a week's visit to Lawrenceville, N. J.

Mrs. M. A. Duncan spent a few days last week with friends in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Joseph Cooper, Jr., of Philadelphia, is visiting her father, Burgess Buseman.

Mrs. George B. Kirkbride, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Shoemaker.

Mrs. Charles Bruden and daughter May returned yesterday from a week's stay at Chester.

Miss Lizzie VanPelt, of Woodstown, N.J., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Roberts, at Wilson Randall's.

Mr. Frank Masters, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., spent several days in Bristol the guest of Miss Annie Landreth.

Miss Lilly Chambers and Miss Emma Simons, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Catlett, of Haddonfield, N. J., who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emlin Martin for several days, returned home on Tuesday.

Another Lie Scotched.

The fact that there appeared in a number of Democratic papers the statement that Charles Heber Clark, of Montgomery county, was to be brought out as a candidate of the silver party in the Seventh Congressional District, is responsible for the following *letter written to the* GAZETTE by this accomplished gentleman, in which he places himself on record, first, upon the currency question, and second, his position in regard to the candidacy of the Hon. Irving P. Wanger for the Republican nomination to Congress.

Mr. Clark needs no introduction to the people of Bristol and vicinity at the hands of the GAZETTE. Those of our citizens who have not heard his voice raised in support of Republican principles and policies in our borough are doubtless familiar with his writings upon these and other important subjects, and there are but few whose utterances emanate from a deeper and more profound knowledge of the principles of government.

What Mr. Clark so well says respecting Mr. Wanger's candidacy the GAZETTE unqualifiedly endorses, and we commend his letter to the careful and thoughtful consideration of our readers.

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., June 27, 1896.

EDITOR GAZETTE:

SIR:—My attention has been called to an editorial statement in the Democratic paper of Bristol, and in some other papers, to the effect that there is a movement on foot to nominate me for Congress in the 7th District on a Silver Platform. My practice is not to notice such assertions as this, but, as the statement may do harm to my friend Mr. Wanger, I desire to say that under no circumstances would I accept a nomination to Congress from any political party this year; that I am not in favor of an attempt to restore Bimetalism by the independent action of the United States government; that I expect to vote for Mr. McKinley and the whole Republican ticket and that I particularly desire the re-nomination and election to Congress of Irving P. Wanger, whose personal worth and experience, in my judgment, entitle him to that honor. I do not favor Mr. Wanger solely because he is my personal friend and because I live in Montgomery county, but because I think that a District so important as this is entitled to representation in a great crisis in our history, by a man whose service in the House has been long enough and good enough to insure that he will be recognized by the speaker as entitled to a place upon important Committees. Yours very truly,

CHARLES HEBER CLARK.

A Voice From Montgomery.

E. L. Hallman, Esq., a prominent member of the Montgomery county bar, and a leading citizen of Royersford, Pa., in a letter to this paper, says:

ROYERSFORD, PA., June 27, 1896.

EDITOR GAZETTE, Bristol, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your paper containing a very sensible article in reference to Mr. Wanger and want to congratulate you upon the good sense you express therein. If I had my own preference and the real good of our congressional district were considered, when we have a man of the ability, integrity and self-denying spirit of Mr. Wanger, and one who so capably and ably represents us, I would keep him there while his usefulness continues, and our district would then be in a shape to be well represented and a credit amongst the congressional districts of the state. You correctly state in effect that county lines should be abolished in the consideration of the congressional question. Mr. Wanger represents us all and we should know no county lines in the transaction.

I would entertain this same opinion if Bucks county had the Congressman at this time and he were the man called to be our present representative, and I desire to take this opportunity to commend you for your good sense and sound reasoning in the article contained in your paper of June 25th, and I feel confident the larger part of the people of Bucks county will concur with your sentiments, Yours truly,

E. L. HALLMAN.

Comedy and Flummery.

Controversies are not always devoid of amusing aspects. These occasionally border on the farcical. It is one proof that life is full of comedy. People need something to laugh at. Mirth is an invigorating expression of healthy animal spirits.

Our numerous esteemed friends who are exercising their undoubted right to support the claims of Mr. H. J. Shoemaker as a candidate for Congress, who, in their estimation, is amply big enough for the honor, which we refrain from questioning, adhere to the exploded idea that the famous rule of '74 is still in force, with a tenacity equal to the vigor with which a drowning man clutches at a straw. Even if it be only a frail straw it may seem to serve its purpose, and it gives an illustration of the innate tendency of human nature towards self-preservation.

Why should they not still cling to this rule with courageous resolution, void though it be? It is a dire necessity so to do, notwithstanding the vital fact that its authors, and those who gave it brief existence, or all among them who have chosen to publish their opinions concerning it, have clearly and distinctly denied its binding force on the ground that it long ago ceased to be operative. Those who still uphold it either believe in reality, or else they try to make themselves believe, that their interpretation of it is entirely correct, without room for doubt, while the version of its originators is altogether erroneous. There is where the amusement comes in, to play its whimsical part.

It spoils a comedy, as well as a tragedy, to leave out the essential actor, and without this galvanized rule, this shadowy pretext, the occupation of the 'company' would be gone, and there would be no rallying cry for the faithful. They have made the most of it, as fowlers do of a decoy-duck, which answers as well for their purpose as if it palpitated with the blood of life. Quick-witted ducks, and even sensible geese, soon detect the trick or the fraud, and their intelligence saves them.

A decoy works very well at first, if it seems like something real, and is discreetly sheltered amid credible surroundings, but when its true inwardness is discovered it not only loses its witchery and fascination, but its significance soon begins to fade, and its power to conjure disappears when it is found to be void of animation.

This county claim with a Shoemaker bulge, resting on a false foundation, is like one of those western forest roads, which, though broad and attractive at first, and somewhat alluring, finally dwindles to a squirrel track, and runs up a tree.

Another comical feature of the pending controversy, which would be highly diverting were it not pitiable, is that disposition which here and there shows itself on the part of some people, to carp at the attitude of the friends of Mr. Wanger, and to assume that they are not true Republicans. Some may be inclined to smile at this ridiculous sort of fiddle-faddle, while it would fill others with grim contempt. Absurdity, with its root in ignorance fertilized by prejudice, sometimes awakens pity. It is not unmanly to show a tender consideration of a shallow brain.

We take leave to say that Mr. Wanger is a Republican, supported by Republicans, a fact which some people fail to comprehend. He is not to be treated as though he were a political foe. He is a Republican Congressman, and no other Republican is justified in attacking him with obloquy, and no friend or abettor of Mr. Shoemaker has a right to descend to the sty in quest of an insulting appellation with which to brand him, as though he were a fit object for ignominy. Is this an approved method of making friends for Mr. Shoemaker? It will fail, ignobly fail.

Silly reproaches, indignities, and verbal or printed trumpery of all sorts, find their proper level among thoughtful people, and the level is low. Intelligent voters can readily estimate the value of the froth and rubbish that checker a political controversy. Clap-trap is never to be feared as a substitute for argument, whether it takes the form of editorial bluster tainted with deception, or epistolary bosh divorced from intelligence.

—On last Monday an interesting game of ball was played between the B. A. A. and the Bristols, in which the Bristols came out victorious.

SCORE.

BRISTOL.	r.	h.	o.	A.B.A.	r.	h.	o.
Evans c.	1	2	5	Downing c.	1	1	8
Wright s.p.	3	5	4	Brady p.	1	2	4
Wright s.b.	4	5	3	Shull 1b.	2	2	4
Louderbgh'2b	2	2	4	Foster 2b	2	2	4
Smith 3b.	5	5	2	Wilson 2b.	2	3	3
Booz ss.	5	6	2	Potts ss	2	4	2
Gilkeson l.f.	3	5	3	DeGroot l.f.	1	2	3
Bigham l.f.	1	4	3	Minster c.f.	2	3	2
W.Fine r.f.	3	7	1	Jarvis r.f.	1	2	3
Total	27	36	33		14	21	28

The features of the game were 3 base hits by Fine, Foster, Brady and Potts, sacrifice hit by Gilkeson. Cook was umpire and Baker scorekeeper.

The Only Issue.

Some of the men who have announced their candidacy as delegates to be voted for by the Republicans on August 1, have done so, simply pledging themselves to support a Bucks county man for the nomination at Lansdale convention. They occupy this equivocal position for one purpose and one only, and that is to add strength to their position and thus advance the interests of their real choice, Harry J. Shoemaker, Esq.

There are but two candidates in this canvas for the Republican nomination at Lansdale, one is Hon. Irving P. Wanger and the other Harry J. Shoemaker, Esq., and we say to our Republican friends who have been appealed to, to vote for a delegate favorable to the nomination of a Bucks county man that the only Bucks county man who is meant and would have the slightest show of being nominated is Harry J. Shoemaker, Esq., and every appeal to your county pride and county loyalty is made to cover the real motive which is to aid his candidacy. Let no man be mistaken, there are but these two men in the canvas, to one or the other the Republican nomination will surely go. There is also but one issue before our Republican friends, which is unsolved in the nomination of the man best equipped to take his seat in the extra session of Congress which is sure to be called following Republican success in November. That the people of the VII district will do their utmost to bring about this success and roll up a tremendous majority for McKinley no one can doubt, but in this act they are but half doing their duty, the other half of their duty should be first done in placing in nomination as Republican member from this district the man best able to help President McKinley carry out the Republican platform in the legislative branch of the government. This man we truly believe is the Hon. Irving P. Wanger, and we say to the people of the great VII district that as they love McKinley and glory in his candidacy and the opportunity it will afford them to roll up the greatest Republican majority the district has even known, they can render him no greater service than to renominate our present distinguished and capable representative, whose intelligence, experience and ability will best aid in making McKinley's administration the success the country sorely needs and fondly hopes it may prove to be.

The Gazette's Course Approved.

MR. EDITOR:—Let me take the liberty of offering you a word of commendation. Whether or not I am in accord with you on the congressional question does not signify. It is not that which concerns me. I merely wish to say that the GAZETTE deserves praise for avoiding personalities. A gentlemanly course is the best always. You recognize the fact that an editor of a paper should observe the proprieties. Coarseness, grossness, buffoonery, and all such things as give evidence of a low and vulgar mind, should not sully the columns of a newspaper. There is no profit in evil-speaking. There is no merit in abusive language. It hurts the source more than it does the victim. I am glad the GAZETTE is clear of such things. It is just as important for good-breeding and refined manners to show themselves in the editorial column as in the street, the parlor, or the social circle. A paper that comes into my house comes with a welcome when it is characterized by decency and dignity. I like refinement; I abhor scurrility. We teach our sons and daughters to be civil, to be polite and courteous. We wish them to be free from all forms of disrespect. We instruct them in gentility and proper conduct in word and act. But our endeavors in this direction are apt to lose their force and good effect if our sons and daughters handle newspapers that are given to coarse language and insolent manners. Thereby they become familiar with such things, much to the sorrow and chagrin of careful parents.

I heartily commend the GAZETTE for its freedom from everything that savors of vulgarity, and for keeping its columns clear of brutal forms of speech and venomous personalities. DELTA.

BRISTOL, June 30th, 1896.

—The July Eclectic opens with an essay on "Art and Life," by Vernon Lee. Among the longer articles in the number, we may mention "The Genesis of Expression; being Thoughts on the Evolution of Language," by Maurice L. Johnson; "Fate in the Face," by Louis Robinson, M. D.; a review from Blackwood's Magazine on Lecky's book, "Democracy and Liberty;" "America as a Power;" "Men and Manners in Florence," and "Agricultural Depression Unmasked." Fiction is represented by two complete stories—"Captain Francis Lawton" and "A King's Daughter," and there are a dozen or so of miscellaneous papers on travel, biography, and topics of general interest.

—The new watch is said to have a phonograph cylinder hidden away, and at the hour and each quarter of an hour a tiny voice will be heard giving you the exact time. You will simply touch a spring, hold the watch to your ear, and a little fairy on the inside will whisper the hour.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mr. Wanger in Congress.

Mr. Wanger was a vigorous opponent of the Wilson tariff bill and took an active part in the general discussion of the measure when under consideration. His remarks related particularly to the rates of duty upon steel rails, the fact that pools are not the product of protection, the propriety of proper duties for the encouragement of agriculture, the necessity of higher rates of duty on cottons, glass, iron, wool, tin plate, etc., than the bill provided for.

The Norristown Herald of January 22d, 1894, commented upon Mr. Wanger's participation in this debate as follows:

"The remarks of Congressman Wanger in the course of the tariff debate on Friday, which appear in another column of the Herald, cannot fail to give general satisfaction to his constituents of Bucks and Montgomery counties.

The Seventh District has a representative who is fully capable of holding his own in debate with such well known leaders of discussion as Messrs. Springer, Johnson, Compton, Bryan and McMillan. The importance of the subject renders it desirable that the great farming and manufacturing interests of the district should have a hearing, and Mr. Wanger improved the occasion to enter a vigorous protest against the suicidal policy of the Wilson bill.

It has been some years since the district has been represented on the floor of the House by one who could participate in the rough-and-tumble debate which ensues on great national questions of this kind. Mr. Wanger abundantly demonstrated his ability, which none who knew him doubted, to represent faithfully the important interests committed to his charge.

The citizens of the district are to be congratulated upon the fact that they have a ready and skillful debater at Washington at this important juncture.

Those of our readers who have received a copy of Mr. Wanger's speech on the Bond Redemption Bill have an example therein of his force as a debater in his ready replies to Talbert, of South Carolina, and Hartman, of Montana.

In the 54th Congress Speaker Reed recognized the ability shown by Mr. Wanger for participation in the legislation respecting business questions by appointing him a member of the important committee on Inter-state and Foreign Commerce, the most prominent recognition given to any of the representatives of the Seventh Pennsylvania District since 1874. The questions which this committee dealt with have been the Nicaragua Canal, an inland system of water transportation from New England to Florida via the Delaware river and bay, a waterway from Chicago to New York bay wholly within this country, the establishment of lighthouses, life saving stations, bridges over navigable waters and transportation over inter-state lines.

Mr. Wanger has been unremitting in his efforts in behalf of the claims of worthy soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphans, and no labor has been too great for him to perform to secure recognition of a meritorious claim, as those who have had anything to do with pension matters can testify, for our representative has not advertised his achievements, nor sought advertisement in this or any other respect. Replying to a suggestion in 1894 that he introduce measures of an impracticable character in order to win the title of soldiers' friend, Mr. Wanger wrote: "I respect your suggestion of introducing a measure as offered in all kindness, but beg to differ with you as to the propriety of taking such action unless there is reason to hope that it may result in good, and by the latter remark I mean in good to the old soldiers and not to myself. Every opportunity to assist any old soldier in any way is promptly availed of by me, and if such action does not commend me to their favor, without resorting to buncombe I must sincerely regret the fact, but none the less decline to pose as their friend through demagogic action. The latter policy would provoke my own contempt and merit theirs. If you can suggest any case wherein I can be of any service to the person interested, or any general measure of justice to the great body of old soldiers and sailors, which can be enacted into law, I shall be most happy to exert my best efforts for success; but there are so many deserving cases constantly appealing to me for aid, each requiring examination and assistance, that I have not the time, even if I had the desire, to indulge in any clap-trap performance."

In the recent session of Congress Mr. Wanger introduced an act to raise the pensions of soldiers and sailors who are so permanently and utterly disabled as to require the constant attendance of another person, from the present maximum rate under the act of 1890, from $12 per month to $25 per month, and expects to secure the passage of the act with the rate fixed at $30 per month.

—Since entering the field of archaeological exploration the Pennsylvania University Museum has distinguished itself by important discoveries in Babylonia and on the coral islands of Southern Florida. What has been found in the shell heaps of Florida are the relics of a large Indian community who lived by the sea during the stone age, holding certain relations with the famous builders of Yucatan and the mound builders of North America. The Florida pile dwellers reared houses over the coral and shell reefs, and constructed firm foundations and embankments to protect their cities against hurricanes. Judging from their remains, they were a vast people of prehistoric times, whose only tools were formed of teeth and shells. As their numbers increased they built islands of shells. They planted flourishing colonies to the north and a greater civilization of their own in Yucatan. This opening up of a new chapter in science is greatly to the credit of the American institution.

—Do not imagine the tariff will not be an issue this year. That is Democratic talk and is done for effect. The tariff is a very live question.

HON. IRVING P. WANGER.

Irving P. Wanger, the present member of Congress representing the Seventh Pennsylvania District, was born in Chester county of this state, March 5th, 1852. He changed his residence to Norristown, and in 1872 he became a law-student, and was admitted to the Bar of Montgomery county in 1875.

In 1878, when but twenty-six years of age, he was elected Burgess of Norristown; and two years later he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. That year he was nominated by his party for District Attorney of Montgomery county, and was elected by fifty majority, the Garfield electors at the same time having a majority of but one vote in the county. In 1886 Mr. Wanger was again nominated for District Attorney, and was elected by a majority of 1178, the party majority that year being about 500, while the popular Thomas J. Stewart, who ran on the same ticket, received a majority of 518. Mr. Wanger was nominated for Congress by acclamation to represent the Seventh Pennsylvania District, and at the election following his majority in Montgomery county was 251. At the same time the county gave a majority of 1130 to Gov. Pattison, the Democratic candidate. Bucks county that year gave 438 majority against Mr. Wanger, which was considerably less than that given against most of the Republican candidates on the ticket. In 1892 Mr. Wanger was again nominated for Congress by acclamation, and his majority in Montgomery county was 373, the Cleveland electors that year succeeding in carrying the county by twenty majority.

HON. IRVING P. WANGER.

In 1894 Mr. Wanger was once more nominated for Congress by acclamation, and his majority in Montgomery county was 3155; while in Bucks county he had a majority of 1670, which was larger than any other Republican candidate received in the latter county at that election. The number of votes cast for Mr. Wanger on that occasion, exceeded that given to the candidate for governor, the popular hero of Johnstown, the Hon. Daniel H. Hastings.

Mr. Wanger and Colored Men.

In the Republican caucus of House members to select officers for the 54th Congress it will be remembered that Congressman Wanger put the Rev. Walter H. Brooks, a colored divine, in nomination for chaplain of the House of Representatives.

The Colored American, published at Washington, D. C., said in its issue of Dec. 7, 1895:

Hon. Irving P. Wanger, of Pennsylvania, immortalized his name by standing up for representation for the colored people who had no voice in the caucus. He made an eloquent speech in presenting the name of Rev. Walter H. Brooks for chaplain of the 54th Congress. In doing that he attained to the heights of the hero; and although the name of Wanger may not be known to fame, it will not be long before the man who has so much courage as was shown by Mr. Wanger on Saturday night last, will be sought after by the people who are looking for a representative of real merit. After a while it will be cheap heroism to nominate colored ministers of the gospel to the House chaplaincy, but Mr. Wanger will always bear the distinction of having first broken the ice. The colored people will always be gratified to learn that among those who voted for Mr. Brooks was General Walker, of Virginia, who succeeded Stonewall Jackson in command of the Confederate forces in the war of the rebellion. We are making history and the deeds of Wanger and Walker will fill more than a page of it.

The same paper in another article says:

Hon. Irving P. Wanger, who represents the Seventh Congressional District in the 54th Congress, is a man of eloquence and courage. It was a heroic thing for him to stand up before a caucus whose members were all white to propose that a colored man be elected to the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives, but Mr. Wanger was man enough to do it, and he has the thanks of the colored people throughout the country.

—There have been but four Republican candidates for the Presidency nominated on the first ballot since the party has been in existence, up to 1896. McKinley makes the fifth. The four previous nominees were Fremont in 1856, Lincoln in 1864, Grant in 1868 and 1872, and Harrison in 1892. Of the other nominations, that of Lincoln in 1860 was on the fourth ballot, Hayes in 1876 on the seventh, Garfield in 1880 on the thirty-sixth, and Harrison in 1888 on the eighth.

The Free Silver Secession.

The withdrawal of the free silver delegates from the St. Louis Convention was in a sense the happening of the expected. That is to say, while it had been hoped that they would not take that extreme step, such action was but the fulfillment of a previous threat. Their position from the start was menacing, and its logic led inevitably to that result. It is a notorious fact that they came to the Convention not for the purpose of trying to effect a peaceful adjustment of the controversy about the currency, but with a view to insisting upon an absolute surrender to their view of the matter. At no time did they manifest a disposition to make the modification of their demand, or to accept any form of compromise or conciliation. They rejected all overtures that involved less than the full endorsement of free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. A plank of this kind was out of the question, and they well knew it and frankly acknowledged it, but they were not willing to take anything else. They assumed the right to dictate a platform to suit themselves, and to commit the party to a doctrine against which a large majority of its members had declared in the election of delegates to the convention. That could not be permitted, of course, and so they walked out.

There is no reason to believe that this secession will seriously injure the Republican party. On the contrary, it is likely to be advantageous in the way of simplifying the situation and insuring a direct and conclusive vote upon an issue that has been a source of much trouble in our politics and in the business affairs of the country. If the free silver people will all get together, as now seems possible, and put the question to a fair test, the result will certainly be a pronounced victory for the gold standard. Some of the states that might have gone Republican under different circumstances will probably be carried by the opposition, but there are not enough of them to turn the scale in favor of free silver. The intelligence and patriotism of the American people can be trusted to render a decisive verdict for the best money in the world and against currency of a depreciated and dishonest order. They understand the issue and realize its important bearing upon their interest and their chances of prosperity. The free silver seceders have adopted the course which is best calculated to bring about a positive and final solution of the greatest of current problems, and it will be solved in the right way and with the restoration of Republican rule.

A Water Power Company at Morrisville.

An application for the incorporation of what will be known as the Delaware River Power Company, has been filed for record in the Recorder's office at Doylestown. The company was organized to supply, store and transport water and water power at Morrisville, where its business will be transacted.

The Directors of the company are Anthony M. Zane, Charles Y. Audenreid, Henry M. Gratz, Philadelphia; George Pfeiffer, Jr., Camden, and Rudolph V. Kuser, Trenton.

The capital stock of the company is $10,000. The application has been approved by the Governor.

—Household News comes to our table with a regularity that is delightful. Just what housekeepers did before the coming of Household News we cannot conjecture. On culinary and other household matters this magazine can be said to be the American authority. The fact that Mrs. Rorer writes exclusively for Household News is sufficient guarantee of the reliability of its contents. The publishers are free with their sample copies. Write them at once. Household News Company, Limited, 420 Library St., Philadelphia.

For Sale.

Two portable heaters used at the Baptist church are for sale. They are in good condition and have been superceded by hot water apparatus. Will be sold cheap. Apply to S. T. VALENTINE, 826 Radcliffe St.

—The first coined currency made in this country was manufactured in 1652. The machinery was sent from England to Massachusetts, and pieces of the value of one shilling and three pence were made.

500,000 Celery Plants

For sale ready to plant out now. Price, $2.50 per 1000. J. T. DEWITT, Pond Street, above Walnut.

—The first white child born on United States soil was the granddaughter of White, the governor of Roanoke Island. She was christened by the name of Virginia Dare, and her birthday was on August 18, 1578.

Boarding.

Ladies and gents can have furnished rooms and good board at reasonable prices. MRS. WALL, 219 Jefferson Avenue.

—The first anthracite coal known to be such was discovered at Mauch Chunk, Pa., in 1791. The Lehigh Coal Mining company began business in the same year, making a commodity of the recent discovery.

Notice of Removal.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, specialist in the painless extraction of teeth with nitrous oxide gas, has removed from 912 to 1122 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, died in Hartford, Conn. yesterday, aged 84 years.

For Sale.

On easy terms, the desirable three story brick business stand, situate Nos. 457-459 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa. Apply to JOHN C. STUCKERT.

For Rent.

Four rooms over J. C. STUCKERT's law office. Apply to S. W. BLACK, cor. Mill and Radcliff streets, Bristol.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1896.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, of Ohio.
For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, of New Jersey.

For Presidential Electors-At-Large.

Joseph Wharton,	William Witherow,
Alex. E. Patton,	Peter L. Kimberly.

District Electors.

John S. Pearson,	H. C. Prevost,
Allen B. Roeke,	J. V. Brown,
Frank P. Henley,	F. N. Eaton,
W. M. Taggart,	G. B. Miller,
Leonard Myers,	R. H. Shindel,
J. H. Huddell,	George D. Swank,
W. F. Solly,	A. C. White,
John Fritz,	W. H. Randolph;
Henry L. Johnson,	E. Wertheimer,
John H. Landis,	Josiah Spear,
Everett Warren,	E. E. Abrams,
J. W. Wilde,	Isadore Sobel,
Harrison Bail,	William Schnur,
D. W. Miller,	J. C. Campbell.

For Congress-at-large.
SAMUEL A. DAVENPORT, Erie.
GALUSHA A. GROW, Susquehanna.

BUT HE CAN'T ADVERTISE.

A physician sits in his office chair,
And there broods on his face a look of care,
While he groans and wails and tears at his hair.

"Alas! and alas! and black!" he cries;
"Surely fame and fortune would both arise
If Old Ethics would let me advertise."

At last a bright thought comes into his brain
Says he, "I must try that old racket, 'tis plain.
It worked O. K. once, and I'll work it again."

He wrote half a page on "The Evils of Pork,"
And the case of a man who swallowed a cork,
And a spoon and a knife, but got stuck on a fork.

Told how he cured an imprudent fellow
Who swallowed entire a gingham umbrella,
And brought it intact from the patient's patella.

The newspapers all extended their thanks;
He opened accounts at the various banks;
He'd baited with ethics and caught all the cranks.

—Chemist and Druggist.

CONDUCTING A GREAT HOTEL.

Servants, Bed and Table Linen That Are Required.

John Gilmer Speed contributes an article on "Conducting a Great Hotel" to Ladies' Home Journal and tells much that is interesting and surprising. He writes directly of the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York, which has accommodations for 500 guests, and gives this view of the practical side of running the big hostelry:

"In the workshops of the Fifth Avenue hotel there are cabinet makers, painters, upholsterers, machinists, plumbers and gasfitters, and so on. The mattresses are all made in the house, and when one gets in the least out of order it is at once sent for repair. So also the seats of upholstered chairs and other articles. We have the stock on hand of damask and trimmings for such uses would suffice for a large store. And so also with carpets and rugs and curtains. Great supplies of these are kept in stock, but they are not retained after the evidences of wear are plain to be seen. Lace curtains when washed always need to be gone over by an accomplished needlewoman, and at this work in this special hotel an old lady with a gentle face and nimble fingers is kept employed all the year round. In a hotel a lace curtain does not stay up longer than one month. As every window is supplied with lace, this accomplished lace mender looks over and repairs about 10,000 pairs every year.

"The matter of providing apartments and feeding the servants of a hotel is most important. It means a great deal when it happens that there are 500 servants employed, as is the case at the Fifth Avenue hotel when it is entertaining its full complement of 500 guests—a servant for each guest. Chambermaids in a first class hotel do not have a hard time, and they are well paid for their work. Good food and good lodging count for a great deal. Then they receive wages of $12 per month. The tips from guests equal, on the average, $12 more. The hours begin at 6 in the morning and end at 6 in the evening, each one having four nights of each week to herself, free from work or care. The laundry is also an immense department and has many interesting features.

"The bed linen in constant use is for 470 beds, and four times that much is kept in reserve at all times. Something like 1,000 napkins are used every day, and fully 5,000 are kept in stock. Two thousand towels are in daily use, and 10,000 are kept on hand."

A Verified Maxim.

The writer spent last summer on a little farm he rented for the season up in Vermont, and hired a native of the soil named Job K. to take care of a little garden and cut his hay. Job was a character in his way and about as unique a looking specimen as one often runs across. He was about 6 feet 5 in stature and weighed in the neighborhood of 190 pounds. He had the features and the complexion of an Indian, and I doubt if he could have told the name of a single president of the United States. His general information was appallingly vague and meager. One day he was asked:

"How many children have you, Job?"

"Nine at present."

"That's quite a family."

"Yaas, 'tis. My folks run to big families. I'm one of 18, an my dad an mam was both one of 16."

"How long have you been married?"

"Twelve years."

"And you have nine children?"

"Yaas, sir. I been married 12 years an hev had nine children an two suits o' clothes in that time."

"It's about time for you to get another suit, isn't it?"

"Yaas, 'tis, but then—gee thar, Buck!"

He brought his goad down on the back of one of the big black oxen with which he was getting in the hay, and the conversation was not resumed.

Two days later he said when he came to work:

"About that thar suit, I reckon I'll hev to put off gettin it another year. We've got twins to our house. Waal, as the old sayin is, them as hez, gits."—Detroit Free Press.

A Startling Statement.

The English woman calls her garments by such different names from those used by her American sister for the same things that the latter is often rather bewildered.

They tell the story of an American girl who was making her first visit to an English country house which she had been told contained the orthodox haunted room that no well regulated country mansion should be without.

She had laid down to rest after her journey and fallen into a doze, from which, to her horror, she was awakened by a tap at the door and a mysterious whisper, "I want my body."

This seemed a most appropriate remark for a ghost. It proved, however, to be nothing more formidable than the family governess, who had been turned out of her room to make way for the guest and had left her waist behind her.—

THE PUSH CART MAN.

HE TELLS HOW HE WON AND RECEIVED THE MEDAL OF 1871.

It Was Unser Fritz Who Pinned It on His Breast After Weissenburg—Capture of the Death Dealing Castle of Geisberg After Terrible Slaughter.

Down in the busy center of New York's shipping trade where Trinity place and Greenwich street meet at the intersection of Morris street there stood one day by the side of his fruit laden little push cart a one legged man past middle age, Albert Franz Wolf, who wore a tiny ribbon in the buttonhole of his threadbare coat. It was a black and white band of the medal of 1871.

"Did you fight in the Franco-German war?" was asked.

"I did and left my leg at Weissenburg," he answered.

"When you served in the army commanded by the late Emperor Frederick?"

"Unser Fritz"—the man's eyes brightened—"Unser Fritz himself pinned the medal to my breast. For a week our battalion had been quartered near the little fortress of Landau impatiently awaiting marching orders to cross the frontier. Finally the word was given on Aug. 2 at about 7 o'clock in the evening. Off we went, and the lively songs of the men testified abundantly to their feeling and condition.

"Night had fallen by the time we reached and went into bivouac on the damp meadows of Billigheim. But we were not destined to find much rest, for regiment after regiment arrived and concentrated roundabout. When at last, wrapped in our greatcoats, we stretched our tired bones on the damp green turf, using our 'tornisters' as pillows, artillery began to cross our path, and the darkness being intense we ran the risk of being run over by the heavy wheels of the gun carriages. Repeatedly I heard our colonel exclaim in an angry tone, 'Donnerwetter, have a care, you fellows, and do not take your feet off.'

"We remained in camp all next day, and it was a pleasant enough bivouac life. Our men cooked, joked, sang or lay about with their short pipes between their lips, and the sutler's tent resembled a beehive. The regimental bands played, and to crown our joy who should suddenly appear but Unser Fritz.

"Rapidly the regiments and squadrons drew up in parade. The Hohenfriedberger march, played simultaneously by all the bands present, stirred the hearts of the boys, who sent up a thousand voiced hurrah as our beloved commander rode up to us on his fiery stallion Dueppel. As usual he was all smiles and affability, but in a few well chosen words he prepared us for the earnest days in store for us in the near future

"On the next day the roar of cannon was plainly heard from the Vosges, and we knew the time had come. We broke camp and marched toward the boundary, crossing it near Altenstedt. We were in the vanguard, and as soon as we had touched French soil the bugle signaled for us to hasten onward on a run until near the hamlet of Rechtenbach the chain of hills was reached that is commanded by the small fortress of Weissenburg. While resting here for a moment to catch our breath peasant women appeared at their house doors carrying big bowls of steaming hot potatoes. How fortunate the men who were lucky enough to obtain some!

"The fight centered on the castle crowned Geisberg, which was furiously attacked by us. We were all Prussians, stocky, well knit figures with the daredevil courage of the men of Blucher, Ziethen and the 'Alte Fritz.' There were the king's grenadiers, the Forty-seventh of the line, and our battalion, the Fifth rifle. Again the bugle sounded, and slowly but none the less steadily and surely, we ascended the mountain side in the face of the well intrenched enemy's murderous fire.

"The death dealing little castle, our objective point, rose two stories high and surrounded on three sides by massive stone structures, barracks, arsenal and so forth. The whole was encircled by a strong wall of twice a man's height. The French in their fury did not seem satisfied with shooting us down from behind their almost impregnable ramparts. The Seventy-fourth Infantry, like the courageous boys they also were, took the offensive. They left the castle and tried to hinder our quick stop and rapid firing onslaught with the bayonet in a bloody hand to hand fight.

"But we crossed the little stream and made the first prisoners, among them Turkos of Algeria, whose blood bespattered white burnooses and flowing cloaks impressed me with the horrors of war.

"'Now, boys, ready for the last attack!' commanded Lieutenant General von Kirchbach. 'Think of Frederick the Great, of the Alte Dessauer, who more than 100 years ago led this regiment to immortal glory. Off with you, men! Off with you! And may a holy Kreutz Schock-Donnerwetter annihilate the one who is today a coward!' Ah, that was a glorious moment," the old veteran here interrupted himself, his eyes shining, carried away by the recollection of that supreme moment in his life.

"We did go—nay, we flew up that hillside like a whirlwind. Potztausend Element! But fate was against me, and I was not destined to see much more of that attack. To the right and left the men fell, but nothing could stop us. We reached the bastion. We breasted it, the Faehndrich ahead of all, waving high the famous flag of the Fifth rifles. Poor fellow! He made a splendid target as he stood there in clear cut relief on top of the wall, and a moment later his body rolled down to my feet, shot through his young heart. I grasped the beloved flag from his lifeless hands, and mounting on the shoulders of two comrades I held it up high, while the grenadiers poured in upon the enemy. The day was ours. The historic battle of Weissenburg was won. That was all I could understand, for soon I lay alongside of my dead brethren, my leg shattered by a piece of exploding shell.

"When all was over and I regained consciousness, the doctors told me they had to do it.'

"Five weeks later as I was reclining on my couch in the Feld Lazareth Unser Fritz decorated me, and I was pensioned off as an invalid for life. That is all."

The veteran looked down upon his wooden leg.—New York Sun.

Smart Boy.

"Here, Jim, take these two cakes and give the smaller one to your brother." James examined the cake carefully, appeared undecided and finally took a heroic bite out of one of them, which he passed over to his brother with the remark: "There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one. They were both the same size."—

Twins, Triplets and Others.

One of the best known physicians in the city, apropos of the case reported in Indiana of the German farmer's wife who presented him with six children of practically the same age, said:

"Even triplets are quite rare, and such cases as this are still more rare, yet instances are recorded in medical annals of the birth of six, seven, eight, nine and even ten children at one time. It is very rarely, however, that any of the children live where there are more than two at a birth, although a case is recorded by Chambon of quintuplets, all of whom survived their baptism for a short period. I heard not long ago of a Texas woman who gave birth to six children, and there was a case in Chicago where four fully developed children were born, who lived for some time. According to statistics kept by Dr. Churchill of England, twins occur once in 80 births, but of 37,441 births 5 cases only were those of triplets."—Chicago Tribune.

Stooping Salisbury.

The novel in which the Marquis of Salisbury lived while he was gold digging at Bendigo, Australia, in 1852—the year before he entered the house of commons—is, it seems, still to be seen. On the place being pointed out to Lady Hopetoun and some anecdotes related to her about Lord Robert Cecil's adventures, she is reported to have remarked: "Oh, the dear old man. I suppose it was the digging that made him so round shouldered."

MUNYON'S REMEDIES

Improved Homœopathic Remedies Combine the Best in All Systems,

THEY CURE PROMPTLY

In the Most Obstinate Cases Where All Other Remedies Fail.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

If You Are Sick Ask Your Druggist for Munyon's Guide to Health—Buy a 25-Cent Munyon Remedy and Cure Yourself.

Mr. H. J. O'Reilly, 52 South Seventh street, Reading Pa., praises Munyon's Remedies as follows: "I suffered untold agonies from the effects of inflammation of the bowels. I used two bottles of Munyon's Remedies and have been a well man ever since."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve in 1 to 3 hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is guaranteed to cure all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies positively cure. Price, 25c. each.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins and groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women. Price, 25c.

Asthma Cure, with Asthma Herbs, $1.00.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price, $1.00.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, 25c. a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

MAN WITHOUT TEETH

WILL THAT BE A CONDITION OF THE FARAWAY FUTURE?

Less and Less Need For Molars Every Day. Soft Foods Require No Mastication—Our Ancestors Required Strong Teeth, but We Don't Eat as They Did.

Will the human race lose its teeth in the years to come? Will not our descendants have much smaller jaws than we have and no maxillary muscles to speak of?

While these ideas may seem fantastic they are based on solid facts and reasoning. The human race is likely before many centuries to be toothless because each year there is less and less use for the teeth. Especially among the higher and wealthier classes is this so. Anything to eat that requires the muscular exertion of the jaws to any extent is apt to be thrown aside and its place taken by soft, deftly prepared foods that need little effort on the part of the teeth.

Thus more and more the teeth are coming to be useless appendages. Scientists say now that the progenitors of the human race had tusks, and that they gradually lost them because they became useless. It is known that if a limb or any organ of the body ceases to be used for any length of time it will become practically paralyzed and without life. Should it continue to be unused for generations it would at last disappear. And this is the way the teeth are likely to go.

It is a fact not to be denied that year by year our molars play a diminishing part in the functions of life. Seldom nowadays a set of vigorous white teeth are seen either in man or woman unless they are artificial. Looking at it from the point of view of science, there is no reason why the teeth should be the fine structures of bone protected by their healthful coating of pearly enamel that they once were. In the early days before civilization had come with its enervations a man's teeth were almost as important to him as his arm. Knives and forks had not come into play then, and uncivilized man's food consisted in great part of meat, raw, or so imperfectly roasted that it had to be ground into bits within the mouth. Nuts and fruits had hard skins and needed sharp biting before they could be comfortably devoured. The early Asiatic tribes, the Norsemen and the North American Indian have had the fame of their shining, strong teeth come down to us, and it was no uncommon feat in those days for a man to perform as a perfectly natural thing what would seem at the present time prodigies of strength with his jaw bone.

While even in those early times there were enervation and sensuousness rampant among the aristocrats, it did not come down to the middle class or the common people, who kept on eating food that was tough. It never occurred to them that eating could be made easy by the refinements and the elegancies of boiling, roasting and sundry concoctions. Their nourishment was purchased at the price of the sweat of their arms and the masterful power of their grinding teeth. One needs only to read a bit of the literature of the middle ages to learn that good "trencher men" were highly regarded. To be a "trencher man" meant nothing more nor less than to be able to clear off the great wooden dishes heaped with meats in an uncommonly short time.

So it went along for centuries, with the women as well as with the men, soft foods being hardly known, even in the halls of the highest in the land. As civilization became more and more pronounced and luxuries began to become necessities it was still only the better class that were affected. The poor had to continue eating what they best could get and continuing to make the fullest use of their jaws and their teeth. But within the past half century a change has slowly been setting in.

So pronounced is this getting that at the table of the laborer at $1.25 a day, as well as at the board of the millionaire, soft foods are served and eaten to the exclusion of nearly all else. The workman's wife, who cannot afford to buy the fine cut of meat that the richer man has sent to him, boils and roasts until she sets before her husband and children as tender a dish as those that stand on the tables of the wealthy.

Candy, too, is much softer than it used to be, and in place of the hard, sugary balls, creams, nougats and candied fruits, to say nothing of the French confections that are constantly increasing in popularity, have come pretty thoroughly into vogue. Once upon a time molasses candy was greatly in favor, and candy pulls one of the delights of a generation that is now past.

Science besides has aided in this by devising canned meats and condensed foods, which are made today in enormous quantities and distributed widely. There is precisely the same amount of nutriment in these that there is in meat and vegetables in their natural state subjected only to a small amount of cooking, but chemical processes take the place of actual mastication, and as the food slips down the throat there is nothing left, to all intents and purposes, for the teeth to do. Originally planned for the benefit of invalids and for the convenience of travelers, these canned and condensed supplies have gone further in their adaptability to the wants of the human race and now are eaten by thousands who are quite able to masticate the toughest foods if they only would.—New York Journal.

Titled Tradesmen.

Those who sneer at the new peerages granted to men who have become considerable either through commerce or through trade show gross ignorance of the origin of the aristocracy of this country. The following list of lord mayors of London who have founded illustrious houses may somewhat enlighten them upon this matter:

Lord Aylland, from Sir Gilbert Heathcote 1711
Lord Bacon, from Sir Thomas Cooke, draper 1557
Marquis of Bath, from Sir Rowland Hayward, clothworker 1570
Lord Brayebrooke, from Sir John Gresham, grocer 1547
Earl of Warwick, from Sir Samuel Dashwood, vintner 1702
Duke of Buckingham, from Sir John Gresham, grocer 1547
Lord Compton, from Sir Wolston Dixie, skinner 1585
Earl of Denbigh, from Sir Godfrey Fielding, mercer 1452
Earl of Fitzwilliam, from Sir Thomas Cooke, draper 1557
Lord Palmerston, from Sir John Houblon, grocer 1695
Marquis of Salisbury, from Sir Thomas Cooke, draper 1557
Earl of Wiltshire, from Sir Godfrey Boleine 1437

—London Truth.

The peacock is found in a wild state in India, Ceylon, Madagascar and many other parts of Asia and Africa.

Democratic National Convention. Reduced Rates to Chicago via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Democratic National Convention, to be held at Chicago, Ill., July 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell on July 3, 4, 5, and 6 excursion tickets to Chicago and return at a single fare for the round trip.

These tickets will be good for return passage until July 12, inclusive.

For specific rates, sleeping car accommodations, and time tables apply to nearest agent.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

—Queen Victoria's age has been exceeded by only one former occupant of the throne, namely George III, who was 82 years of age. The age of George II was equal to that which her majesty has attained. During this month she will complete her fifty-ninth year on the throne. Only one predecessor, George III, who ruled for nearly 60 years, held the scepter for a longer period than her majesty.

Nez Perce, Potlatch, Palouse.

These are the names of three great agricultural and fruit growing districts in Idaho and Washington reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

They each adjoin the other, are similar in products, climate and character, and together form a region for the homeseeker hard to equal. The Palouse region has long been noted for its marvelous grain production. It is to the Pacific Coast what the Red River Valley is to Minnesota and North Dakota.

The Patlatch country is like unto the Palouse, and adjoins it on the east.

The Nez Perce region lies south of the others and has until recently been a part of a great Indian reservation. 500,000 acres of it have been thrown open to settlement and its lands can be bought at cheap prices and on favorable terms. Write to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., for folder and rates. 2-20-tf.

One swallow does not make Spring, but one swallow of One Minute Cough Cure brings relief. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—A human body when cremated leaves a residuum of about 18 ounces.

Eczema is a frightful affliction, but like all other skin diseases it can be permanently cured by applications of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It never fails to cure Piles. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—Good hotels have recently been opened on Mount Carmel, at Nazareth, and at Tiberias.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—DeWitt's Little Early Risers, for they always cleanse the liver, purify the blood, and invigorate the system. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—In proportion to numbers, Denmark has more cyclists than any country in the world.

Mrs. R. DeYoung, Middleburg, Pa., writes. I have used One Minute Cough Cure for six years, both for myself and children, and I consider it the quickest acting and most satisfactory Cough Cure I have ever used. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The juice of a pineapple cuts the membrane from the throat of a diphtheria patient when nothing else will.

A. L. Wooster, a prominent citizen of Ossco, Mich., after suffering excruciatingly from piles for twenty years, was cured in a short time by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, an absolute cure for all skin diseases. More of this preparation is used than all others combined. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The Emerald Isle is renowned for the beauty of its women, who are remarkable for brilliant coloring and eyes of the softest hue.

Did you ever think how readily the blood is poisoned by constipation? Bad blood means bad health and premature old age. DeWitts Little Early Risers, the famous little pills, overcome obstinate constipation. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—Knoxville, Tenn., is to span its river with one of the most beautiful bridges in the world, built of pink marble quarried in Knox county, within a few miles of the site.

Young mothers dread the Summer months on account of the great mortality among children caused by bowel troubles. Perfect safety may be assured those who keep on hand DeWitt's Colic & Cholera cure, and administer it promptly. For cramps, bilious colic, dysentery and diarhœa, it affords instant relief. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The pavement in front of the William H. Vanderbilt residence in New York city cost over $40,000. The single stone lying directly in front is the largest paving stone, and cost, transportation and all, $9,000.

From Sire to Son.

As a Family Medicine Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have Kidney, Liver or Blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. Harry H. Headley the leading druggist, is sole agent and is distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50c and 25c.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 29, 1896.

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN"

Be thankful that printing appeals only to the eye. If types had voices the advertising parrots would deafen you. This being so we aim to tell you only the news of goods—clearly, briefly, accurately. Advertising costs too much to waste a single line.

MEN'S CLOTHING

This is a clothing store—and other kinds of a store. But none the less a clothing store. There is unequaled security in buying our clothing. The common trash, miscalled cheap, so generally worshipped in the clothing trade finds no entrance here.

The materials in our woolen and worsted clothing are absolutely free from cotton. The importance of that statement only an expert in woolens comprehends. Seams are silk-sewed. Garments are tailor-made.

Our high standard for clothing is almost unknown elsewhere, and we have reason to believe that our prices are 30 per cent. below the entire market for equal garments. In retail clothing the raven is croaking; but not here, for splendid gains mark our clothing sales.

FITTED WAIST LININGS

For 75c you can buy a fitted and boned Dress-waist Lining. These linings are made of

after accepted models used by commercial tailors, and, coming in light and dark colors, may be used with any fabric. Even the seamless French back can easily be produced by any woman with the aid of these linings. Simply adjust the hooks and eyes and loosen or tighten the side seams; when the lining is ready for use. Dress a pillow up with it and you've a patient form to fit over. Bust measures 30 to 46 inches. To be fitted give besides the bust measure the length from collar-seam to waist.

BICYCLES

It is said that because our Bicycles are made at a distance we cannot supply broken or worn parts promptly. The statement is false. We have in stock every separate part of the Continental wheels of either the 1895 or 1896 patterns. Also many parts for Bicycles of previous years and other makes. Repairs made quickly.

Continental Bicycles now in stock—

Men's, $45, $50, $55
Women's, $45, $55
Children's, $35, $40

Everything in Bicycle sundries—

Lamps—Guide, Twentieth Century, Favorite, Search Light and others, 75c to $5.
Saddles—Gurford, Christy, Hunt, Messinger, Pneumatic and others, $9.50 to $6.
Bells—Several sorts, 25c to $1.
Cyclometers—Several sorts, 50c to $1.50.

Monarch Bicycles—are $80 and $100. A choice of lamp, bell and cyclometer with each one sold without extra charge.

PORCH ROCKERS $1 35

We've a thousand Porch Rockers, but don't delay. There'll be a dozen thousand wanters—for such a chair bargain hasn't come your way before.

Think of a big and comfortable Rocker; wide flat arms; seat of whole fine reeds closely woven, rolled at front; back of eleven spindles, each tipped with a knob. The seat is 19x20 inches, the back is 45 inches high, the chair is in XVI Century finish. Nobody ever dreamed of getting such a Rocker for $1.35.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

SCHOOL TAX.

The Duplicate having been placed in my hands, I am now prepared to receive the school tax at my place of business on DORRANCE STREET, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Prompt payment will secure a reduction of Five Per Cent.

EDWARD H. FOSTER,
Treasurer Bristol Borough School Board.

Bristol, 7th Month (July) 2nd, 1896.

FOR SHERIFF.
IRVIN AARON,
OF YARDLEY BOROUGH.
Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

WANAMAKER CLOTHING

The mark-down trick.

Some stores are always having a mark-down sale—you see the advertisements, signs in the windows, price-marks, etc.: "selling for half;" one price crossed off and a lower one on in red ink.

You know the trick—the crossed-off prices never were on: the "half-prices" are high; the goods are bad; Peter Funk.

We mention the trick, because we are doing the thing it counterfeits.

Selling—not at cost—at a loss of $20,000 to $40,000—not old or poor stuff—but all we've got in sight, and all you want for summer.

Serge and Thibet excepted, because we haven't enough of 'em—we've got to keep on making 'em all the time.

These three stores:

Market and Sixth, Oak Hall.
Chestnut and Ninth, the postoffice store.
Twelfth and Market.

and no more.

Do you want a black suit at such prices as these?

Schnabel black crepe, $30 for $13.50—several styles.
Schnabel black worsted, plain diagonal, $30 for $13.50—several styles.
Schnabel worsted, dead-black and bright-black diagonal, $30 for $13.50—several styles.
Schnabel black worsted, fine-diagonal, $30 for $13.50, two styles.
Black worsted, plain diagonal, $18 for $13.50.
Black worsted, plain diagonal, $16 for $10.
Black pique, $25 for $15.
Black worsted hard-twisted, large diagonal, $16.50 for $10.
Black worsted, fine twill, $25 for $12.50.
Black worsted, fine diagonal, $12 for $10.
Black worsted, diagonal, $18 for $13.50.
Black worsted, diagonal, $15 for $10.
Black worsted, fine diagonal, $20 for $10.

We always have a more generous stock of black ready-made than is to be found in any other store in the United States; and that means in the world; for Europe is far behind us in wholesale tailoring.

This is a good indication of it—all our summer black put down from a fifth to more than half. We shall make more like it eight months hence. Meantime we shall turn our money. That's the reason for selling with loss—for profit.

That's what we're doing every day till fall—taking loss for profit.

Do you want any black?

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

Oak Hall, Market and Sixth.
Chestnut and Ninth, the postoffice store.

WILLIAM H. WANAMAKER.

Market and Twelfth.
Philadelphia.

Golf and bike suits at all three stores.

We pay railroad fare on moderate purchases.

Sherman & Peirce,

BRISTOL, PA.

Lumber Yard

Fully stocked with all kinds of Building and Finished Lumber, both PINE AND HARDWOOD.

MILL WORK in variety, including STAIRWAYS and HARDWOOD INTERIOR FINISH.

Groceries

In Great Variety And Cheap

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest Butter, Teas, Coffees, and Spices the market affords. Fruits and Vegetables in season.

EDWARD H. FOSTER,

The DORRANCE

STREET

.... GROCER.

THE QUAKER REMEDIES.

QUAKER CHILL CAKE a positive cure for Chills and Fever, Ague and Malaria. Price, $1.00

QUAKER RHEUMATISM CURE a sure Remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia. Price, 50c.

QUAKER BILIOUS AND CONSTIPATION PILL a never-failing remedy for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Liver Complaints. Price, 25c.

QUAKER DYSPEPSIA TABLETS a certain and unequalled cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price, 50c.

QUAKER PILE OINTMENT an unsurpassed salve for Piles, and Hemorrhoids. Price, 25c.

Our preparations cure others and we guarantee them to cure you. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Write for circulars and particulars.

QUAKER REMEDY CO.,
Address P. O. Box 727, Philada.
Laboratory, Lansdowne, Pa.

George W. Booth,

321 Dorrance St.,
has the latest
.....styles of

SUMMER SHOES.

PRICES LOW.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmer's National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, May 7th, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$48,131 23
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	6,00 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	472 34
Stocks, securities, etc.	51,143 75
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	5,285 83
Due from approved reserve agents	31,674 26
Checks and other cash items	3,271 28
Notes of other National Banks	1,189 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	58
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:	
Specie	$41,100 00
Legal tender notes	20,400 00 61,500 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$196 351 27

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	10,784 69
National Bank notes outstanding	33,630 00
Due to other National Banks	19,012 84
Dividends unpaid	1,911 00
Individual deposits subject to check	418,792 14
TOTAL	$696,351 27

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 11th day of May, 1896.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET,
EDWARD SWAIN,
} Directors.

An Ordinance

Making appropriations for the use of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the twenty-eighth day of February, A. D., 1897.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That the sum of eighteen thousand one hundred and thirty (18,130) dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the use of the various departments of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 28th day of February, A. D., 1897, as follows:

For covered gutters and crossings, materials for repairing streets, salary of Street Commissioner, labor, and incidental expenses of Committee on Streets and Highways, and for stone pavement, as much as can be laid for the money, three thousand and fifty (3,050) dollars.

For work at bridge, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

For permanent improvements, two thousand six hundred (2,600) dollars

For drains and additional expenses, one thousand two hundred and fifty (1,250) dollars

For salaries of regular and special police, three thousand three hundred (3,300) dollars.

For contingent expenses of Police Committee, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

For appropriations to Fire Companies, one thousand six hundred and fifty (1,650) dollars, as follows:

Bristol Fire Company, No. 1, four hundred and fifty (450) dollars.

America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

Second Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.

Third Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.

Fourth Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.

Building Association dues, No. 1 Company, one hundred and twenty (120) dollars.

Salary of Chief Engineer of Fire Department, eighty (80) dollars.

Salary of Assistant Chief Engineer of Fire Department, forty (40) dollars.

For contingent expenses of Fire Committee, four hundred and sixty (460) dollars.

For lighting streets, three thousand (3,000) dollars.

For collecting garbage, for medical attendance and burial of poor, and for temporary relief of same, one thousand (1,000) dollars. Provided, that no portion of said sum shall be used in relieving persons who should properly be removed to the County Almshouse.

For maintenance of the Board of Health, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars, viz: Salaries of Secretary and Health Officer, two hundred and forty (240) dollars; printing and advertising, fifty (50) dollars; abating and removing nuisances, sixty (60) dollars. Provided, that the said sum or such part thereof as may be needed, shall be paid out on orders drawn by the proper officers of the Board of Health, which orders shall state distinctly the items for which they are drawn.

For interest and State tax on Borough loan, four hundred and thirty (430) dollars.

For salaries, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars, viz.: Town Clerk, two hundred and fifty (250) dollars; Borough Attorney, fifty (50) dollars; Borough Treasurer, twenty-five (25) dollars; Keeper of Town Clock, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For printing and advertising, four hundred (400) dollars.

For care of public property, fifty (50) dollars.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 11th day of May, A. D., 1896.

B. C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 14th day of May, A. D., 1896.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN,
Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

German-American Investment Co.

Founded 1892.

52 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

(Under supervision of Banking Department of the State of New York.)

Authorized Capital, - - - $1,000,000
Paid up Capital, - - - $200,000

Letters of Credit, Checks and Drafts on Foreign Countries at cheapest rates.

SPECIALTY — Cable Transfers and all other money transactions with Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Foreign money, bank notes, bonds, bought and sold.

Bankers wanted as agents in various towns.

BOROUGH TAX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the treasurer of the borough will be at the Town Hall on

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY,
JUNE 24th and 25th,

From 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. to receive the Borough Tax. An abatement of FIVE PER CENT will be allowed for prompt payment.

JAMES WRIGHT,
Borough treasurer.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,

Engineers.

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

For Public Buildings, Residences and Greenhouses.

GREENHOUSE VENTILATING.

Pond Street,
Bristol, Pa.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA;

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Dr. C. E. King,

DENTIST,

202 Mill Street, Bristol,

(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

The Marseilles Cottage,
104 S. South Carolina Ave.,
Atlantic City, N. J.
MISS E. K. LEEDOM.
Address until June 1st, 1507 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Frank F. Bell & Co.

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

1414 S. PENN SQUARE, Phila.

Opposite Broad Street Station, City Hall and near Reading Terminal Station.

STOCKS AND BONDS
Bought and sold on commission and carried on favor

The Bucks County Gazette

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1895.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.30, 10.40 A. M., 2.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 7.45, 9, A. M., 12.30, 4.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.15 8.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.40, 6.02 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.06 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.10 A M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Woodburne stage arrives at 11 a. m. departs at 12 0 p. m.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Location of
BOXES AND KEYS.
BRISTOL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

24. Box at T. L. Leedom & Co.'s Carpet Mill Key at Thos. L. Leedom & Co.'s office.
25. Box at Dorrance and Canal Streets. Keys at Wilson & Fenimore Co.'s Paper Mill office, T. B. Harkins Foundry Co.'s office, Sherman & Prince's office.
26. Box at Edward T. Steel & Co.'s Mill. Keys at E. T. Steel & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office, Electric Light Station, Fourth ward Hose House.
27. Box at Wm. H Grundy & Co.'s Mill. Keys at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office.
34. Box at Doron's office, Radcliffe and Market Streets. Keys at Wm. E. Doron's office, James Wright's store, Police Station, Silbert's Hotel.
36. Box at Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Keys at Comfort's Livery Stable, L. J. Bevan's residence, Douglass' Drug Store.
43. Box at Young's Drug Store, Bath Street. Keys at Young's Drug Store, E. C. Bruden's residence, Wilson Randall's residence, S. W. Hayes' store.
45. Box at Buckley Street, east of Pine Street. Keys at Apple on's Mill office, Lewis Jones' Mill office, James Blanche's Saloon.
47. Box at Otter and Linden Streets. Keys at Cha House, Third ward Hose House, C. H. Lyndall's residence, Chas. Yeaman's coal office.
567. Box at America Hose Company House. Keys at America Hose House, Ticket office P. R. R., Joseph Wright's store, M. L. Hollyer's store.

☞ All Policemen and Night Watchmen carry Keys

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 25, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1780.
Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Masonic Building, Cedar street.
William S. Wright, W. M., Bristol,
Harry C. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 109, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.
Meets every Friday night in Pythian Hall
J. Curtis Howell, Chancellor Commander,
John K. Campbell, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE DIVISION, No. 10, 3D REG. OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.
Meets Tuesday night at Pythian hall
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
V. A. Vansant Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 47, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1843.
Meets every Wednesday night in I. O. O. F. Building.
William Lovette, Noble Grand,
Harvey S. Rue, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Edward Hoeding, Sir Knight Marshal,
George Wright, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA F. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1890.
Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall
Iss Nellie Mackle, W. C. C.,
Miss Dora Wey and, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month n Washington Hall.
Thomas B. Harkins, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 2, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Sarah Pearson, President,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Recording Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Thursday night at Mohican Hall.
Elbert Vandegrift, Councilor,
Horace G. Young, Rec. Secretary.

NONPAREIL COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM
Instituted 1887.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month in Washington Hall.
A. K. Joyce, Regent,
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Tuesday night in Mohican Hall
Robert J. Hetherington, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.
Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall
William Stetson, Sachem,
Harry Daniels, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTAS.
Instituted ——.
Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Mary E. Shoress Pocahontas.
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 135, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.
Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
James A. Jefferson, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

KEY OF LIBERTY LODGE, JR. ORDER AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, No. 1.
Instituted 1892.
Meets 1st Saturday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Josephine Rolls, W. M.,
Joseph Fisher, R. S.

GOLDEN KEY COURT, No. 3, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted ——.
Meets 3rd Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Jemima Spencer, Worthy Mistress,
Mrs. Mary E. Young, Rec. Secretary.

COURT ONWARD, No. 39, FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Instituted 1893.
Meets every Tuesday night in Washington Hall.
Maurice Hellyer, Chief Ranger,
R. B. Kelly, Financial Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 1, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Instituted 1883.
Meets 1st Thursday night of the month in A. O. H. Hall, Corson street.
Patrick F. Fallon, President,
James Roche, Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall.
Jennie McKey, Worthy Patriarch,
George J. Sheppard, Recording Scribe.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 103, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Monday night in Washington Hall
Frank S. Moss, Commander,
J. C. Adams, Rec. Secretary.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD, COMPANY G., 2ND REGIMENT, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1890.
J. C. Adams, Captain,
Wm. B. Holt, Orderly Sergeant.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Monday night in Evans' Hall.
Mrs. Nellie Mackle, Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Guardian of Records

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect June 1st, 1896.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.37, 6.32, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.24, *9.19, 9.51, *10.29 A. M. 12.02, 12.49, *1.14, *2 52 *3.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.55, 5.36, 5.43, 6.30, *6 45, *7 32, *7.44, 8.30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.29 A M. *12.04, 12.54, 5.02, 5.36, *7.21, 8.00, *8.20, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Br stol, 12.01, *3.20, 6.09, 6.28, *6.50, 7 34, *8.25, 8.33, *9.00, 9.53, *11.14 A.M. 12.01, 1.04, 1.50, 2.43, 3 32, *3.52, 4.29, *5.00, 5.02, 5.19, *6.00, 6.02, 6.21, 7 27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.17 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.33, 9 00, 11.47 A. M. 2.02, *5.20, 6 00, *6.26, *6 35, 7.27. *8.12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

THE INTERSTATE STEAMBOAT CO.

Steamer Pokanoket,
FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leaves Bristol daily, Sundays excepted, at 8.45 a. m. Leave Pier 8, above Arch St. Phila., 4 p.m.
Saturdays and Sundays, leave Bristol 8.45 a.m. 3.45 p. m.; leave Philadelphia 11 a.m., 6 p.m.
Liberal rates for large or small parties to Philadelphia or Lincoln Park.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8.30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m.
Sundays, leave Bristol at 8.30 a.m. and 4 p.m.
Leave Phila at 10.30 a. m. and 6 p. m.
Boats land in Philadelphia at Pier 8. North wharves, above Arch Street.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

In effect June 1. 1896.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, 7, 7.30, and 10 a. m., 2, 4 and 5.15 p. m.
Leave Bristol for Trenton 9 55 a. m and 5 05 p.m
Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, 7.30, and 11 30 a. m., 2, 3.30, 4.30 and 6 p. m.
SUNDAYS.
Leave Bristol for Philadelphia 8 and 10 a. m., 1.30, 4 and 5 15 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia for Bristol 8 and 11.30 a. m., 2, 3.30 and 6 p. m.
Leave Bristol for Trenton 10 a. m. 1.20 and 5.20 p. m.
Leave Trenton for Bristol 8.45 a. m., 12.15 and 2.45 p. m.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Single fare for the Round Trip via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Y.P.S.C.E. Convention.

The fifteenth International Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held at Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13, 1896, and for that occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, from July 6 to 8 inclusive, excursion tickets to Washington and return at a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage until July 15 inclusive, but if deposited with the Joint Agent at Washington prior to 6 p. m, July 14, will be extended to July 31 inclusive.

Full information in regard to rates and time of trains can be obtained upon application to ticket agents.

Excursion tickets for the following side trips will be sold as under:

From July 7 to 13 inclusive excursion tickets between Washington and Baltimore and Washington and Baltimore and Washington will be sold at $1.25 for the round trip, good for return passage until July 14 inclusive.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets from Washington to Gettysburg and return will be sold at $3.35 for the round trip, good to return until July 31 inclusive.

On the same days the Western Maryland Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Baltimore to Gettysburg and return, with same return limit, at $2.15 for the round trip.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets will be sold from Washington to Richmond and return at $4.00, to Old Point Comfort and return (all rail) $6.00, and going all rail and returning by boat $5 55, to Fredericksburg and return $2.25. These tickets will all bear return limit of July 31 inclusive.

All tickets for side trips will be sold only on presentation of return portions of excursion tickets to Washington issued for this occasion.

"As if a brick were lying in my stomach" is the description by a dyspeptic of his feeling after eating.

This is one of the commonest symptoms of indigestion. If you have it, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Not only this symptom, but all the symptoms of indigestion are cured by Shaker Digestive Cordial.

So many medicines to cure this one disorder. Only one that can be called successful, because only one that acts in a simple, natural, and yet scientific way. Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Purely vegetable, and containing no dangerous ingredients, Shaker Digestive Cordial tones up, strengthens, and restores to health all the digestive organs.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 a bottle.

Splendid Opportunities

For home-seekers and others desirous of changing their locations are offered in the great states of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska. Fertile and productive land is for sale on the most reasonable terms, and there are many openings for all classes of business men, particularly farmers and dairymen. Those interested will be furnished full information free of charge upon application to

W. B. KNISKERN,
22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If You Will Use a Little Reasoning

and not be influenced by the claim that catarrh is a blood disease, you can easily prove that catarrh is climatic. Have you not the severest catarrhal attacks during winter and spring, and have you but little evidence of catarrh during the summer? Yes. Well, this proves it is a climatic disorder, inflaming the membrane of the nasal passages. It is a waste of time and money to invest in blood remedies. The proper treatment is a local application, and the most prompt to cure is that popular remedy, Ely's Cream Balm.

One Way to be Happy

Is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight Cold or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on Harry H. Headley, sole agent and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy, Free. We give it away to prove that we have a sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

Houses For Sale.

A rare opportunity to purchase a home or investment. Four six-roomed houses, Nos. 449 to 457 Lafayette Street, for $850; also five six-roomed houses on Spruce Street, Nos. 645 to 653, for $500 each. Terms suitable to purchases. If desirable arrangements can be made for easy monthly payments. Apply to EDW. BARTON,
153 Buckley St., Bristol.

Try a can of Hopkins' Steamed Hominy Hulled Corn). It is delicious. Full qt, 10c.

SHAH MET RED SHIRT.

Indian Chief Took His Hand as That of a Fellow Sovereign.

"During the visit of the shah to Europe in 1889," says an American who was in Paris at the time, "an interesting meeting took place between him and another ruler, the Indian Red Shirt, who was traveling with Colonel Cody's Wild West show. It was a curious spectacle, that of the 'Shadow of God,' the absolute autocrat of millions, the descendant of Cyrus, and the rough warrior from the west, in his way just as powerful a ruler.

"The shah was present at Buffalo Bill's performance, and when it was over wished to look round the encampment. Red Shirt was in his tent and was presented to the Persian monarch. To the latter's astonishment he held out his hand as though to an equal. The shah hesitated, but the interpreter whispered, 'He is a king,' and he took the Indian's hand and shook it. He evidently was immensely amused and interested, and it is doubtful if anything he saw in Europe impressed him as much as this old, dignified warrior, with his feathers and his primitive surroundings. He was as much of a curiosity to the shah as the shah was to Europeans.

"The many stories of the shah's gaucheries and dirty habits are greatly exaggerated. He bore himself with dignity and looked exactly what he was—a man who did not know what it meant to have an ungratified desire. One circumstance, however, was significant. When leaving the exhibition, the shah had to pass through an immense multitude of people who had collected to see him. Those near enough could see on his face a momentary expression of fear. His eyes glanced apprehensively round, and possibly even then some premonition of his fate was with him.

"The shah when in Europe invariably wore the same costume at every function—an ordinary black frock coat with epaulets and the typical headdress, with a star of priceless jewels. Another star was on his heart, and the value of the gems in these two ornaments must have been enormous. He never appeared, however, in the same magnificence as did the Indian monarchs at Queen Victoria's jubilee, who wore one glittering mass of gems from head to foot."—New York Press.

THE FRONTIERSMAN'S RIFLE.

Accuracy Claimed For Old Time Weapons and the Men Who Used Them.

An old time plainsman writes to Shooting and Fishing about the good points of the old style rifle. The modern riflemen do not appreciate the possibilities of the old fashioned arms of the kind Daniel Boone thought perfect. There was no such phrase for the frontiersman as "accurate enough for hunting," which is common these days. A rifle which a frontiersman owned had to be one he could bet his life on and win. It must be, above all, accurate. If it was aimed at a candle wick, it must not hit the candle. If aimed at a man's heart, it had to hit it and not an arm or ear. Up to 200 yards the accuracy of the old weapon, the pea rifle, has not been excelled, and few modern rifles equal it.

In these days of pump guns which throw bar lead out of the muzzle and brass pipe out of the breach accuracy is thrown to the winds. If the first shot misses, why, a second later another is ready. Not so with the muzzle loader. The game was in sight for just one shot and no more. If that shot was not fatal, more game must be searched for. Knowing this, the old time hunters drew down and shot for meat. They did not pull when the sights were in line with a leg or the paunch. When they pulled the set trigger, the sights were in line with the heart, head, throat or back, and the whip crack of the weapon oftener meant death to the game than the rip roar slam of a modern repeating rifle.

A man who would use a shotgun for game in those days was a contemptible freak, and even today the shotgun users respect the man who uses a rifle for shooting birds' heads off instead of using a scatter gun. The frontiersman trusted his rifle. It was Bess or Chain Lightning or Kills 'Em Quick to him, not just "my rifle." He said, "Me and Bess got a deer yesterday," and when Bess got ill she was sadly out of order and had to have the doctor right away.

This is essentially a shotgun age. A man brought up on a shotgun is not to be compared with the man who used a rifle to begin with. The users of shotguns alone would not be the sharpshooters of Uncle Sam's volunteer army.

A Smart Boy.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him.

He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.—Pearson's Weekly.

Suburban Floral Amenities.

But there, after awhile, is the garden, for these stories of suburban gardens where nothing grows are all nonsense. True, the clematis and the moonflower obstinately refuse to clothe your cot with beauty, the tigridia bulbs rot in the ground, and your beautiful collection of irises produces a pitiful pennyworth of bloom to an intolerable quantity of leaves. But the petunia and the Sweet Williams and the balsams and all the other ill bred and obtrusive flowers leap promptly into life and vigor and fight each other for the ownership of the beds. And the over faithful and friendly nasturtium comes early and stays late, and the limp morning glory may always be counted upon to slouch familiarly over everything in sight, window blinds preferred. But, bless your dear urban soul, what do you know about the relative values of flowers? When Mrs. Overtheway brings your wife a bunch of her superbest gladioli, you complacently return the compliment with a half bushel of magenta petunias, and you wonder that she does not show more enthusiasm over the gift.—H. C. Bunner in Scribner's.

Spanish Cookery.

I do not believe that any one, not even Washington Irving, ever remained so long on the Alhambra's hill. The manager grew so used to us that he gave up providing the French dishes prepared for the tourist. Now the waiters brought only their own extraordinary messes, golden with saffron, scarlet with pepper, soft with oil, fragrant with garlic, most of which had hitherto been reserved for the family dinner in the office. We were even made to abstain on Friday, and very flambuoyant was our abstinence. In fact, for those who like the rococo in cookery, the Spanish kitchen is unrivaled.—Elizabeth Robins Pennell in Century.

Children In France.

A society to check the decline in population has been formed in France. It proposes to attain its object by legislation. Families containing more than three children are to be free from taxation, while those having no children will be taxed heavily. The legacy duties are to be revised and the laws regulating the division of estates among children reformed.

"Never marry into a shawl family," was the advice given by a lady to her sons, and very good advice it was. The habitual use of a shawl means either that a woman is already delicate or is surely making herself so.

A CURIO COLLECTOR.

PICKING UP CURIOSITIES IS A BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA.

One Who Follows It Talks Freely About the Fancies of Tenderfeet—Spiders, Bugs, Birds and Samples of Wood Are Always In Demand.

Strolling over the Mission hills that form the southern border of the San Gabriel valley, I suddenly came upon an old man who was walking along in a stooping position examining the ground carefully at every step. About his neck was a broad band from which hung a canvas bag. He seemed astonished to see me and said I was the first person he had ever met there except the Basque shepherd. I showed him some fossils I had found not far away and amazed him by promising to point out the spot.

"You are not a collector," said the old fellow. "I can see that."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why, collectors never give away a place when they find anything. That's one of the principles of the business."

I assured him I was not a collector, whereupon he gave me his confidence.

"Well, I'm a regular collector," he said. "Three days a week I leave Los Angeles and take to the woods and collect. No, I haven't any store to speak of, though I have a place, such as it is. My business is selling to curiosity dealers all over the country, and you would be astonished to know how much stuff they take. There is hardly a city in the United States that does not have a curiosity store, and they all want material from California and Mexico. Then there are the resorts. Take the old Cliff House. They used to sell tons of shells, corals, bugs, spiders, sea fans and stuff from all over the world. Take Catalina island. You'd think they would have curiosities enough there, but they buy tons of stuff to sell to the tourists. So it is in Florida and all over the country. It's natural for people to want to buy something at a place to remember it by, and this makes the demand. I help to fill it, you see. Take spiders, for instance. Why, I collect 3,000 at least a year on the average, and I'm not doing it for my health or pleasure, I warrant you that. They sell, and the bigger and uglier they are the better they go.

"How do I catch them? Why, this way," and the old fellow took out of his bag a bottle of water. "This," he said, laughing, "is the elixir of spider life. As an example, here is a trapdoor spider that I was about to take as you came over the hill."

Dropping upon his knees on the soft grass and deftly spreading it aside, the collector showed a rough object about as large as half a dollar. "That," he said, "is the door of the trap spider, or tarantula. Now watch," and he inserted a little hook under the edge and lifted. Something was tugging at the other side.

"That is the spider," said the old man. "He has heard us, and the moment I touched the door up he rushed and took hold of the underside of the door, which is a silken pad, and held on."

To prove this he lifted the trapdoor so that I could see the hairy legs of the tunnel maker and then with a jerk pulled it open, the spider retreating to the bottom of the silken column. It was then that the bottle came into play, and a little water poured in soon drove out the hairy monster, that was quickly transferred to another bottle and killed with chloroform.

"I suppose I have dug up thousands, but still they come and still they go.

"What people want them for I can't see. Here is the ugliest thing on earth," and my companion held up to view a bottle containing various many legged insects, centipeds with frightful claws or claspers.

The average person would avoid such a horror, yet, according to my informant, there is an active demand for them. "I get them beneath old stones and the trunks of trees," he explained, "and thousands are sold every year. Then there are regular tarantulas like this," taking from the bag another bottle containing several gigantic spiders. "These live in holes and don't build traps. They come out at night, and the time to catch them is early in the morning when they are going home after a night's forage. I preserve them, stuff them with cotton, and when stuck on a card they bring from 4 to 6 bits.

"You hear about their being ugly," continued the old man, "and that they are deadly poison, but that is not so. I have been bitten several times, and here I am. I have heard of sick people being bitten by them in Mexico and killed, but it's rare, and you can put the majority of such stories down as yarns."

"What do people want with such horrible creatures?" I asked.

"The more horrible the more they want them," replied the collector. "The tenderfoot buys one to send home to show his girl or some one what big chances he is taking. So with the tourist. He wants something remarkable to send back, and we supply it. Some people want butterflies, some want beetles, and in one beetle we have a trade for the practical jokers. It's a black fellow and found everywhere in the early morning crawling along the surface. The moment you touch it it stands on its head, and from a gland shoots a fluid that looks like iodine, stains like it and has a most noisome odor.

"The birds of southern California are in great demand. People want bluebirds and hummers and the nests of humming birds, especially when on an orange twig. Then the herons and algrets—the big white fellows found down on the marshes—are sold as screens and for various ornamental purposes. But birds are getting scarce, and where you could get them in any quantity with their eggs a few years ago they are now very rare. They have been killed off by collectors.

"You'd be surprised at the amount of curiosities made out of wood," said my communicative companion, who had made himself comfortable on the sod. "We get rid of cords of it. The bark of the big trees is in great demand made into pincushions and all kinds of things. Then our native woods, as the manzanita, are cut into canes, napkin rings and numberless other articles. The yucca stalk is also in request, to be turned into all sorts of things, from furniture to pincushions. One stalk that is not supposed to be worth the carrying away would in the hands of the curiosity man or dealer become very valuable. As an example, when cut up into small pieces, it sells for 5 cents apiece for pincushions. A good straight cane of manzanita is worth from $1.50 to $5."—Pasadena (Cal.) Cor. New York Post.

Its Mission.

Bacon—I see they've put a sounding board back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for?

Egbert—Why, it is to throw out the sound.

"Gracious! If you threw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left in the sermon."—Yonkers Statesman.

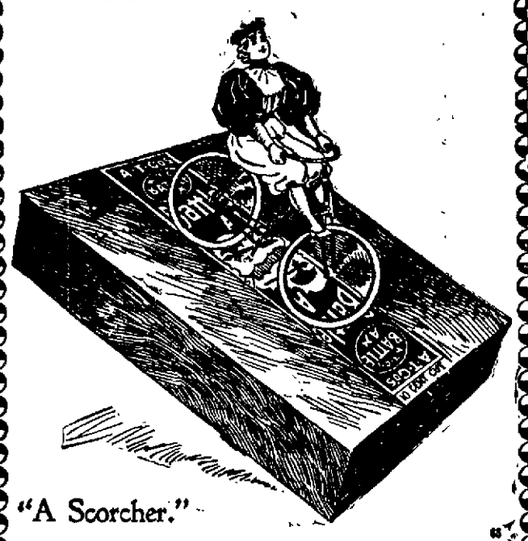
A Stammering M. P.

The Right Hon. David Robert Plunket (now Lord Rathmore), who sat in the house of commons for many years as member for the University of Dublin, was a stammerer and yet one of the most eloquent men in the house. The impediment in his speech was not a slight one and at times made him drop a word that stuck and substitute another. While he was at the office of works and had to answer questions in the house for that department the stammering habit seemed to grow upon him. In the glowing rhythm of set speech, however, he was able to throw over this weakness, and in his eloquence there was more poetic fervor than the house is nowadays accustomed to, and he invariably succeeded in impressing his hearers.—London Tit-Bits.

The Limit of Confidence.

Amelia—How far do you think it honorable for one to confide in one's dearest friend concerning one's most devoted admirer?

Clarissa—The rule of wisdom is never to confide more than you will be willing to have the dearest friend know when the swain becomes her most devoted—a thing that usually happens.—New York Journal.



"A Scorcher."

BattleAx PLUG

Tobacco Dealers say, that "BATTLE AX" is a "scorcher" because it sells so fast. Tobacco Chewers say, it is a "scorcher" because 5 cents' worth goes so far. It's as good as can be made regardless of cost. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the other fellows' 10 cent piece.

MONEY

The way to make money reach a long way is to invest right. The first cost is the point where a short-sighted man tumbles on the road to economy. He thinks it extravagant to pay $15 or $16 for a suit of clothes when $13 or $14 will buy a ready made suit.

He forgets that the $13 ready made suit won't last very long or look very well. Maybe it will fade the first time the sun shines on it, or it may rip, buttons may come off, and you will not be satisfied with your bargain. Price and quality ought always to be considered together.

Price alone means nothing. If you would have a suit that you will be pleased with and which is fully guaranteed, come and see me. Fine herring-bone effects for trouserings, $4.50.

F. E. MILBURN,
The Bristol Tailor,
- - - - 111 Cedar St.

EVERY MAN

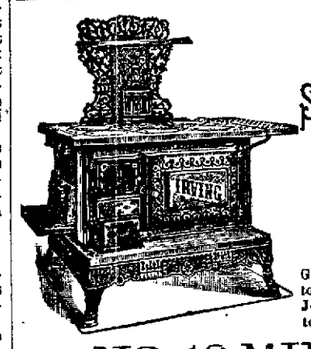
has or ought to have an eye to his attire. Fine clothing is the uniform of success and prosperity. Every man seeks to look his position. He must have a tailor to help him do it, and a good tailor at that. We claim first place in Bristol as the tailor of men of taste. Our made-to-order suits are praised everywhere because they are models of everything that clothing should be in material, style, fit and finish.

A. F. YEUTTER,
Merchant Tailor.

GRAND
Fire Works Display
And Balloon Ascension
Hampton Court, 4th of July Night.

Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol at 8 p. m. on July 4th for Hampton Court, giving passengers an opportunity of witnessing the Fireworks Display and balloon ascension.

Excursion Tickets, 15cts.



Lewis J. Bevan,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
—AND—
House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove. Tin Roofing a Specialty. Custom work done in tin, sheet-iron, copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly. Stove repairs of all kinds.

NO. 10 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

Come! Come! Come! Come!

Fourth of July HOP!

—AT—

PARKLAND!

AT 8.00 O'Clock.

Under the management of
Prof. Wm. H. J. WILSON.

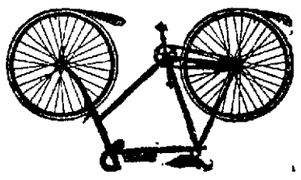
A FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE. DANCES WILL BE GIVEN EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY HEREAFTER UNDER THE SAME MANAGEMENT.

Mr. G. F. Brinkerhoff,
Specialist in Lenses for the Eye,
Has resumed his visits to Bristol,
and will be at
A. E. BAYLIES' JEWELRY STORE
Thursday, July 30
Where examinations for all forms of defective sight will be thoroughly and scientifically made.
He guarantees every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory, and expects to win your confidence by the skillful and accurate manner in which he gives you improved and comfortable vision.

B. C. FOSTER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
Has constantly on hand all the new designs in
Gold and Silver Watches,
Jewelry and Silverware,
Spectacles & Eyeglasses,
Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.
☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

Robert Clark,
Upholsterer and
Cabinet Maker,
No. 28 Radcliffe St.
Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

G. Schiesser, Jr.,
217 Jefferson Ave.,
Bristol.
Agent for the celebrated



Rambler Bicycles.
Also the WAVERLY, STORMER, BEN HUR, etc.
Have just taken the agency for the
Dayton Bicycle,
one of the latest productions in Bicycle construction. Come and see it. It's a beauty. Has all the '96 improvements.
The PENNANT, also a new Bicycle, with barrel hubs, fully guaranteed in every way, $50. Ladies' and Gents' Bicycles to hire at reasonable prices. Repairing done at short notice.
A full line of Sundries constantly on hand at
G. W. BOOTH'S SHOE STORE,
No. 321 Dorrance Street.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1844.)
By the present proprietor.
A arge stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacis

TRUSSES

In Every Size
And
Numerous
Designs.
DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE.

Upholstering and Repairing
OF FURNITURE
of all kinds.
CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.
Chairs Re-Caned.
Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.
Chas. H. Ancker,
No. 109 Cedar St.,
BRISTOL, PA.

McMullen Bros.,
Practical
....Plumbers,
Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitters.
Agents for the Wolf Gas Cookers, only $8.50, also the Natural Stone Water Filters. Pumps of all descriptions.
REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,
DEALER IN
FINE ÷ GROCERIES!
FRUITS
AND PROVISIONS.
TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty
Goods Delivered Promptly.
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.
COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.
BRISTOL, PA.

Runabout Wagons
Are New York's most popular urban and suburban vehicles. They are included in the Celebrated BIRCH CARRIAGES and HARNESSES, as well as other up-to-date rolling stock. Send for full Catalogue illustrating over 100 styles of each, at moderate prices. It is a work of art and will be mailed free on application.
J. H. BIRCH, Burlington, N. J.,
Manufacturer of the Celebrated Birch Carriages and Harnesses.

EDWARD BARTON,
House Painting in all its Branches.
Plain and Decorative Paperhanging. Wall Papers for Sale.
No. 153 BUCKLEY ST.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZERS WANTED
We wish organizers thoroughly familiar with fraternal Lodge work, who have organized for the old beneficial associations. We do not ask a man to devote his entire time, but only to work during his spare hours and evenings. Such a man must be well and favorably known and must give recommendations of unquestioned character. Such a one can add very much to his income by organizing Lodges for the Order of the World and its Insurance department.
Liberal terms will be given. All information can be obtained by writing FOLSOM & OPPENHEIMER, Rooms 508-509 Temple Building, Broad street, corner Cherry, Philadelphia, Pa.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

The night is cold, the sparkling snow
Has shrouded all the earth below;
Low hang the lamps of heaven on high;
The depths of blue that dye the sky
Grow deeper at the zenith's bolt,
And where the earth begins to melt
Unto the distance, and the sky,
The fainting blue, begins to die
And vanish, like a broken prayer.
Across the hazy mists of air,
And where the river windeth slow,
The rocks of ice and drifts of snow
Impede the motion of a boat,
As if some madman at her throat
In vain did try to drag her down.
But perseverance was the crown
That made the noble ship the queen
Of all the seas that she had seen,
And all the islands, sun caressed,
That lay upon the water's breast.

A soldier standing on her prow
With eyes down bent and knitted brow,
Is wrapt in meditation deep.
His thoughts are those that will not reap
A goodly harvest in his heart.
For lo! he sees the waters start
And tremble, and, as if long pent,
An earthquake through the waters sent
A shock, to ravage there and rave,
Clear mirrored on a loosened wave.
He sees a maiden, wondrous fair,
Who knots a piece of golden hair
And ties it round a floweret blue,
Fresh plucked from out its shade of dew.

"Take this," she cries to him who stands
Beside her on the sounding sands.
"This flower, an emblem of the peace
That here shall reign when feuds release
Their claims upon the lives of men.
This lock, a summer's token when,
Beneath the beating of the stars,
Beyond the sobbing of the bars,
Our love and pledges first were told.
But when the leaves to red and gold
Were changed by autumn's brilliant brush,
O'er woods and dales there came a hush.
There rang a bugle on the shore
That echoed back the name of war!"
The soldier started, glanced around,
The ship its destined place had found.
"To land! To land!" the soldiers cry,
"To fight the fight, or fighting die!"
The Hessian revels had not stilled
The night, when camp and tents were filled
With sounds of distant marching feet,
Hurrying down the torch lit street.
They heard the drunken leader's call,
"To arms, to arms, ye warriors all!"
In mockery the trumpets blew.
As down the ranks he hastened through
Each group of soldiers standing there,
Stunned by the torches' blaze and glare.

The battle raged, the cannon roared,
Bright flashed the saber and the sword.
The smoke in columns upward wreathed,
Bearing the prayers the soldiers breathed.
A hundred hands upheld in fight,
That perished ere the dawning light
Had streaked the heaven's vault with gray,
And darksome night had changed to day.
Among the slain a youth did lie,
One hand his flag and banner, by
The other clasped a flower fair,
Tied to a tress of golden hair.

—Margaret Ridgely Schott.

ON THE FRONTIER.

THE STORY OF A RATHER REMARKABLE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION
BY J. H. CONNELLY.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

Jan Ochsenbrandt was busy setting out aster plants from a cold frame, working with the neatness, care and dexterity of a professional gardener. He was probably the only man doing that sort of work at that time within 1,000 miles, more or less, for his garden was in the foothills at the head of the Elkhorn valley, really beyond the frontier line of civilization.

When Jan, an immigrant from Holland, landed in New York, about a year before this, he understood a good deal of English, having learned it in school, but knew nothing of the country to which he had come in search of a home and suspected as little of the rascalities he would have to meet as if he had been a babe in arms. Consequently a specious scoundrel, selling railroad tickets on commission to immigrants, found it easy to put off the most expensive one at his command upon the innocent Jan, one that carried him, with the great box of seeds and bulbs he had brought along from Holland, clear out to Valentine, where the railroad then ended, a few miles from Fort Niobrara.

He had sense enough to see that the place he had reached was only a sort of marginal note on the page of civilization,

"ACH! GOTT!"

and that there were probably a million things the community wanted more than it did a fancy garden. But he was philosophic and willing to adapt himself to circumstances. Instead of growing flowers only, as he had purposed, he would make vegetables his business, and only cultivate the flowers for his own delight. Surely he would have no rivals for a long time to come. All things considered, the situation might be much worse than it was. So he wandered away up into the foothills, found a fertile, well watered little plateau, an ideal spot for a garden, and there built for himself a little log cabin. It rather worried him at first that he could not find the owner of the land and make a formal purchase of it. He could not understand readily how land—so awfully expensive in Holland—should here be free to any one who chose to take it. If that were truly so, he argued to himself, everybody would make gardens. Quite convinced that he would be called to account some day, he appropriated no more land than he felt himself able to pay for any time at Holland rates, a space of about three acres, one-fourth of the little plateau.

Months rolled by, and Jan was perfectly happy in his garden making, which was for him an instinct, as dam building is for the beaver. So far as he knew, no human eyes but his own saw his work, and he would have been much surprised to learn tha almost every day fierce eyed, coppery faced men had been watching him keenly from the neighboring thickets, trying to understand him. He was in the country of the Brule Sioux, at the mercy of their famous old war chief Spotted Tail, whose friendliness then was a most uncertain quantity, and their surprise at his advent was such as a pack of wolves might feel if a jack rabbit should placidly make himself at home among them. His broad, good humored face, fresh complexion, pale blue eyes and long flaxen hair were altogether a new type to them, and his habits were not like those of other palefaces. They had ransacked his cabin in his absence and knew that he kept neither gun nor whisky in it. They wondered at the strange and laborious things he did to the ground and were amazed at what he caused to come out of it. At first they spoke of him as Yellow Head, but after his crocuses, tulips and hyacinths bloomed, the first spring, almost in the snow, they called him Man-Who-Makes-Medicine-Flowers. "Medicine," in the Indian vocabulary, signifies magic, not simply stuff to cure physical ailments.

Some of the Brules felt well assured that he was crazy, and if that belief had been general he would have been quite safe, for the Indian holds the insane sacred as the especial wards of the Great Spirit. But Jan, without any suspicion of the fact, was just now in very serious danger, for the Brule young men had one of their periodical impulses to go upon the warpath, and his unique yellow scalp was a great temptation to collectors of such souvenirs. Spotted Tail was not altogether favorable to the outbreak just at that time, and the eager young braves decided upon the unauthorized perpetration of some overt act that would precipitate the tribe into an attitude of hostility, despite his half hearted opposition. Full Moon, one of their leaders, took it upon himself to start the proceedings on Man-Who-Makes-Medicine-Flowers.

So while Jan, poising himself on hands and knees, set out his little aster plants Full Moon, crouched in a clump of bushes toward which he was slowly working, swung his tomahawk and waited for him to come within striking distance.

A cutworm saved Jan's life. Plunging eagerly forward to clutch and crush the hated plant devourer that was almost beyond his reach, he lost his balance and fell forward upon his face. In the same instant the Indian's tomahawk whizzed above his skull, just grazing his hair, and smashed the plants beyond. Jan looked after the missile, sprang up with a cry of horror and, without looking for the thrower or seeming to realize that he had been the target, quickly followed the weapon, snatched up a tall stalk crowned with big nearly opened buds, that had been cut down by the flying blade, and wailed aloud: "Ach! Gott! My lilium auratum!"

Full Moon stood as if petrified by amazement. He had cocked his rifle, but refrained from shooting—he could not have said why. Jan, turning, saw him and walked straight to him, carrying the stalk and saying in a tone of grief: "Oh! See

EXCITED MEN WERE YELLING.

the cruel, wicked thing you have done! I had only two, and they were doing so well, blooming so early. The other has one flower open already. Come and see it, that you may know what a lovely thing you have destroyed."

He took the dazed red man by the arm and led him to where the other lily grew. Never before had Full Moon beheld so magnificent a flower or inhaled such delicious perfume as it exhaled. He did not understand a word of the gentle reproaches addressed to him, but the Indian mind is keenly alert to the significance of pantomime and he not only realized the mischief he had done, but actually felt ashamed and sorry for it. That Yellow Head was crazy and under the protection of the Great Spirit—which he never before had believed—was now, to his mind, beyond question. Of course he knew nothing of the cutworm, and from his point of view the Great Spirit had made Jan dodge the tomahawk, the coming of which he could not have seen. And then it stood to reason that no sane man could have been so indifferent to the intents of one who evidently had come to kill him. From being his intended slayer Full Moon felt it incumbent upon him to become the lunatic's protector in order to, as it were, square himself with the Great Spirit for his attempt. In this new role it was essential that he should, as soon as possible, take Jan safely to the Brule village, that his sacred character might be realized and proclaimed in a council of the tribe.

The young Hollander readily understood that the red man wanted him to go somewhere and had no objections, only he insisted upon finishing his transplanting first, and then gathered a large bunch of flowers to take along. Full Moon patiently waited until he was ready.

Jan, who had never before seen anything of Indian life, though living so close to it during nearly a year, stared with curiosity and wonder at all he saw in the Brule village, but seemingly found nothing worthy of admiration until his eye met two girls, standing near the entrance of a large tepee. One of them was Wenona, the favorite daughter of Chief Spotted Tail; the other her cousin, Little Goat, daughter of the gallant warrior Plenty Horses, brother of the chief.

(Wenona, by the way, deserves the grateful remembrance of the settlers in Nebraska and Dakota, for it was due to a promise exacted by her on her deathbed that Spotted Tail, previously a "hostile," became a friend of the palefaces, and so continued to the time of his treacherous murder by Crow Dog.)

At sight of the girls Jan stopped before them, divided his bunch of flowers, and, with respectful bows and courteous speeches, presented half to each maiden; then, with placid content and perfect trust shining in his kindly face, he walked on with his guide. The village stood aghast. Never had it seen such a captive.

The council not only ratified Full Moon's judgment, but unanimously decided that a campaign opened by such a remarkable incident would manifestly be against the will of the Great Spirit and surely disastrous if persisted in. So there was no Brule war that season.

Jan dined in Spotted Tail's tepee after the council, saw the two girls again and began to find that a coppery complexion did not prevent Little Goat being a very charming young person.

From that time his relations with the Brules were intimate and uniformly very friendly. The only social calls he made were upon them, for he found their moral atmosphere much cleaner and more congenial than that of the white community at Valentine, and they often visited his garden. Full Moon came over very often to smoke one of his pipes and would sometimes sit puffing in his door for an hour, and then go away with no other expression than a grunt—quite a brotherly demonstration, from the Indian point of view. These good conditions continued, without interruption or noteworthy incident, two full years.

Jan learned to talk the Brule language fairly well and wanted to marry Little Goat. She was willing, but Spotted Tail, her guardian, though he liked the young man, demurred. It was one thing, he reflected, to respect a man's scalp because he was crazy and quite another thing to adopt him into the tribe by marriage. He would have been glad to forget, if he could, that Jan was insane—and the young fellow would have been none the less safe if that idea had been dispelled, for now all knew and liked him as a friend—but any impression once made in an Indian's mind is hard to change. In all else than the matter of Little Goat the world went well with Jan. The officers at Fort Niobrara were glad to buy all the fresh vegetables he could raise. Clamor for a share of them arose from Valentine. He had needed to double the size of his garden and to buy a pony and a cart. Now, he felt, he could afford to buy the whole plateau if the owner should come along.

One hot evening Jan drove down to Valentine for some supplies. He found more noise, confusion, profanity and drunkenness than usual, and there was always far too much for his taste. Excited men were yelling and firing off pistols at random, whisky was flowing free, and he understood vaguely that a great gang of base fellows were purposely getting drunk enough for some reckless and evil enterprise.

Dan Evans, the storekeeper with whom he traded, explained the situation. "It's all the work of that hellion Bill Brady," he said. "The boys were all quiet enough when he came, talking over what sort of a celebration they could get up for tomorrow, which will be Fourth of July, you know. Then he lipped in. He'd give them a daisy celebration. What d'you suppose? Nothing less than going up and cleaning out the Brules in the foothills."

"What an infamous idea! The Brules have done nothing! They are friendly."

"Yes; have been more'n three years, but these chaps are the sort who are fond of saying, 'There's no good Indian but a dead Indian.' They know ways to make money out of an Indian war, and that's all they care for—no odds who suffers."

"And they will do this wicked thing?"

"Sure. His idea took like wildfire, and they're loading up for it now. They will start soon after midnight, go through the canyon just beyond your place and strike the Indian village before daylight."

"I will talk to them and dissuade them."

"You! They'd blow your head off. They're set on their sort of celebration, and the temper of the gang is a buzzsaw you don't want to tamper with."

"Warning should be sent to the fort."

"Not time enough, and I've no one to send."

"I will go."

"There's no time, I tell you. Before you could get the soldiers to the canyon to head them off they would be through it. It won't be the sort of a Fourth I had looked for. I had got out a lot of big crackers and other fireworks stuff that I meant to spring on the boys as a surprise tomorrow morning, but they've made other arrangements."

A bright idea occurred to Jan, and for a few minutes he did more rapid thinking than ever before in his life. He believed that he saw a way for saving his Indian friends, and the storekeeper, when taken into his confidence, thought well of it, so well that he chuckled, slapped his thigh with delight and exclaimed, "Gosh, I'd give a bar'l of whisky to see that circus!" In ten minutes more a light load had been put in Jan's cart, and he started the pony at a gallop for home.

With a shout of joy he greeted Full Moon, whom he found sitting in the door of his cabin smoking. "It is just you that I wished for to help me," he cried. "I feared I would have to do it all myself, and it needs two. Now I am sure."

"Ugh!" replied Full Moon, which was perhaps noncommittal.

Hurriedly Jan told him of the contemplated raid, but, having done so, had hard work to restrain him from rushing off to warn the village and get the braves out for a fight. It was altogether too splendid an opportunity to be missed, and, could he have had his way about it, every raider's scalp would have dangled at a Brule belt before daylight. Eventually, however, Jan won his consent to and co-operation in another plan, a device that insured at once a bloodless victory and a huge practical joke.

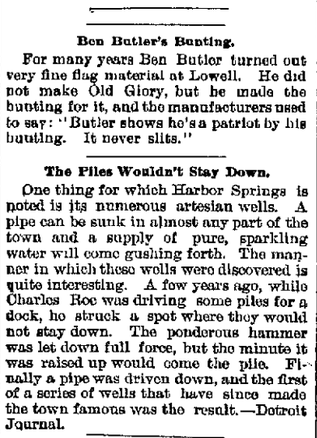
Carrying the things brought by Jan from the town, the two men made haste to reach, by a short cut over the hill, the canyon through which the raiders intended passing. There, to and fro across the narrow ravine, wound around trees and projecting rocks, in intricate lines about the height of a horse's knee from the ground, they stretched a stout wire, a more formidable barricade against cavalry at night than a stone wall would have been. Then they distributed among the rocks, well up on one side of the ravine, the rest of Jan's load, some 40 or 50 packs of very large firecrackers, all of which they connected by their long fuses, so that when fired their detonations would produce the effect in sound of the promiscuous firing of many ambushed guns.

Leaving Full Moon hidden behind a big rock, supplied with matches and fully instructed to fire the cracker trains as soon as the raiders' horses should begin to stumble and fall, Jan recrossed the hill, and, mounting his pony, set out at full speed for the fort to summon the soldiers. Luckily he did not have to go all the way. A corporal who happened to be in Valentine carried to the fort intelligence of the purposed raid, and the bugler's call to "boot and saddle" had rung out while Jan was still in the canyon.

He turned back with the troopers when they met, and, riding beside the lieutenant in command, told him what he had done. They were about a mile from the mouth of the canyon, galloping straight for it, when a battle seemed to suddenly burst forth ahead of them. The detonations of hundreds of guns reverberating between the rock walls of the canyon seemed multiplied to thousands. Angry flashes of fire gleamed through clouds of powder smoke. Riderless horses and unmounted men came charging madly out on the plain, all running away for dear life from the inferno at their backs. The lieutenant astonished his men, whom he had halted, by rolling on his saddle in convulsions of laughter.

When the racket ceased, not a raider was in sight, and Jan called out of the canyon his friend Full Moon, who with intense enjoyment told how the invaders, when their horses fell and the mimic volleys of guns began, fled in affright without firing a shot. And the soldiers, when they heard the story, laughed no less heartily than their commander had.

Ridicule drove Bill Brady and all his gang far away from Valentine before the world was a day older, the Brules passed



RIDERLESS HORSES AND UNMOUNTED MEN CAME CHARGING MADLY.

the merriest Fourth of July they had ever known and at Fort Niobrara all agreed that a better celebration of Independence day, for racket, fun and good results, it would be difficult to arrange.

Jan's standing in the estimation of his red friends was so happily changed by his achievement that Spotted Tail no longer doubted his being sane enough to marry into the tribe, and as for Little Goat, her views on the subject were all right without any change.

If any class or any community has a social interest or a social demand, let it give it a voice on the great national day. The very utterance of it will make more rational the feelings of those who entertain it and soften the feelings of those who resist it. The national life will find its way onward, and so become strong and stronger within itself.

Ben Butler's Bunting.

For many years Ben Butler turned out very fine flag material at Lowell. He did not make Old Glory, but he made the bunting for it, and the manufacturers used to say: "Butler shows he's a patriot by his bunting. It never slits."

The Piles Wouldn't Stay Down.

One thing for which Harbor Springs is noted is its numerous artesian wells. A pipe can be sunk in almost any part of the town and a supply of pure, sparkling water will come gushing forth. The manner in which these wells were discovered is quite interesting. A few years ago, while Charles Roe was driving some piles for a dock, he struck a spot where they would not stay down. The ponderous hammer was let down full force, but the minute it was raised up would come the pile. Finally a pipe was driven down, and the first of a series of wells that have since made the town famous was the result.—Detroit Journal.

Belasco Gets a $16,000 Verdict.

NEW YORK, June 24.—The jury gave David Belasco $16,000 in his suit against Fairbank of Chicago for training Mrs. Leslie Carter for the stage.

There is nothing of which men are so fond and withal so careless as life.—Bruyere.

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Relics From Revolutionary Times.

Mr. W. L. Calver, in Long Island City, N. Y., possesses an exceedingly interesting collection of war relics from Revolutionary times. It embraces every possible object

REVOLUTIONARY BUTTONS.

from September, 1776, until Nov. 7, 1783. In this collection are also several uniform buttons worn by soldiers in regiments stationed in those times in Manhattan Island.

Some of those buttons are in a very good state of preservation. For instance, the one in the center of the group of five belonged to the uniform of a member of the Royal Pioneers, a regiment composed of Scotch highlanders. The one on the upper right corner belonged to the second Tory regiment, commanded by Colonel Beverley, a New York Loyalist.

The button on the left upper corner belonged to a very brave regiment of light dragoons. Its commander, Colonel Mouckton, fell in the battle of Monmouth just as he was leading the soldiers into attack. A fearful fight ensued around his corpse, but his own men had to vacate the field of battle, and Americans dug a grave with their bayonets for him.

The button of the Forty-fourth regiment recalls an elite troop of the British army. The brave General Abercrombie commanded this regiment in a storm on Breed's Hill, in the battle of Bunker Hill, and fell at the point of it, a victim of the command of Colonel Prescott, who charged his little group of Continentals to aim at the beautiful coats and shoot away the officers.

Fourth Of July Excursion to Philadelphia.

The Steamboat Florence will leave Bristol on Saturday, July 4th, at 8.30 a. m. and 4 p. m.

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It Must Be on the Lines of a Universal Sense of Equality.

The old Fourth of July celebration was based very largely on the almost universal sense of equality. Riches counted for but little in those days. Neighborship was a common bond. Social circles met and overlapped without fear of contamination or reproach. This condition of affairs no more exists. Proximity has developed repulsion among the atoms of society. The city separates men, classes, households. Money outranks worth, merit, brain—everything. Public displays have come to take on the character of the games of the amphitheater—they are "shows for the people" instead of popular demonstrations. No doubt the old Fourth of July celebration will eventually return in some modified form when we have ceased to measure manhood and womanhood by a gold standard, have got over the silly rage of trying to assimilate ourselves in everything to other nations and developed once more a genuine and universal pride, not merely in our national wealth, our marvelous productiveness, our inventive capacity, our creative energy, our commerce, our "surplus," our railroads and our syndicates, but, above all, in that far nobler and more worthy product of American life, the American people. But in the meantime it is quite within the scope of practical effort to devise some means which shall unite the whole mass of the people in observance of this day, not so much as the anniversary of our separation from old England, but as a recurring jubilee of that greater England which greets its morning sun as the other sinks into the shadow of the night.—Albion W. Tourgee.

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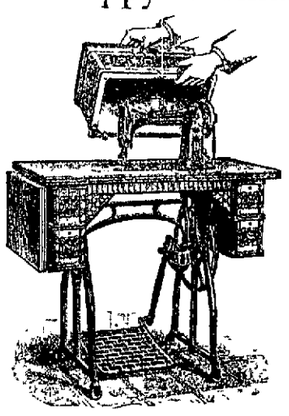

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